

ANNALES  
CORRIGÉES  
DU  
BACCALAURÉAT

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ANGLAIS

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FASCICULE 6  
ANNÉE 1953-54

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LIBRAIRIE VUIBERT

# ANNALES DU BACCALAURÉAT

Chaque année, au début de l'année scolaire, sont publiées deux séries de fascicule d'ANNALES :

1<sup>o</sup> Les ANNALES DU BACCALAURÉAT proprement dites, dont la publication a commencé en 1884 et qui contiennent tous les sujets donnés, dans tous les centres d'examen de France, de l'Union française et de l'étranger, aux épreuves écrites du Baccalauréat, 1<sup>re</sup> et 2<sup>e</sup> parties;

2<sup>o</sup> Les ANNALES CORRIGÉES DU BACCALAURÉAT, qui ont paru pour la première fois en 1951 et contiennent, entièrement développés, un choix de sujets proposés dans les Annales de l'année en cours (1<sup>re</sup> session) et de l'année précédente (2<sup>e</sup> session).

La nomenclature de ces recueils est donnée ci-après :

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# CORRIGÉ D'ANGLAIS

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SESSION DE SEPTEMBRE-OCTOBRE 1953

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## FRANCE MÉTROPOLITAINE

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A ET B (1<sup>re</sup> langue)

### *Version*

UNCLE ROBINSON VISITS STRATFORD WITH HIS  
NEPHEWS

The next day they spent at Stratford-upon-Avon. Robinson had two objects in the visit, the pleasure that it must give to any normal English children, and a wish to test certain theories of his own. He took them round, acting as little of the guide as possible. They saw Shakespeare's birth-place, the Grammar School where he may have been ~~educated~~, the cottage at Shottery where he went courting Anne Hathaway, the site of the house where he lived on his retirement from the London stage, his tomb in the parish church, and the great memorial theatre where his plays are still acted. They saw the hotels and tea-rooms trading cheerfully on his name, and the shop-windows displaying a variety of Shakespeare souvenirs, mostly of cheap and unimaginative quality, of which nevertheless they bought a few.

John DRINKWATER.

### *Questions*

I.—Traduire en anglais :

a) *Peu d'écrivains sont aussi aimés et honorés que Shakespeare dans leur pays d'origine;*

b) *Shakespeare naquit à Stratford, petite ville du Warwickshire, en 1564, et il avait dix-huit ans lorsqu'il épousa Anne Hathaway.*

II.—Why does the author, mentioning Stratford Grammar School, say “where he *may* have been educated?” Explain, or try to guess, the reason of such prudence in his suggestion.

III.—What kind of “souvenirs” do people generally bring back with them after visiting famous places or holiday resorts? Do you generally buy them yourself? Or do you prefer to use your camera? Write about ten lines on this subject.

IV.—Answer *one* of the following questions :

a) What do you know about Shakespeare, or about any play of his that you may have read, or any film about his plays that you happen to have seen?

b) Write some twelve to twenty lines about an English or American book which you may have read (either in English or in French), saying what it is about, and giving reasons for your liking it.

### *Traduction*

L'ONCLE ROBINSON VISITE STRATFORD AVEC SES NEVEUX

La journée du lendemain, ils la passèrent à Stratford sur Avon. Robinson avait deux raisons pour faire cette visite, le plaisir qu'elle doit procurer à tous enfants anglais normaux, quels qu'ils soient, et le désir de vérifier certaines théories à lui. Il leur fit visiter la ville, en jouant aussi peu que possible le rôle de guide. Ils virent la maison natale de Shakespeare, le collège où il fut peut être instruit, la petite maison à Shottery où il allait faire la cour à Anne Hathaway, l'emplacement de la maison où il vécut après avoir quitté la scène londonienne, son tombeau dans l'église paroissiale et le grand théâtre commémoratif où l'on joue encore ses pièces. Ils virent les hôtels, les salons de thé qui font joyeusement commerce de son nom, et les vitrines qui exposent un choix de souvenirs Shakespeariens, la plupart de qualité commune et banale, dont ils achetèrent cependant quelques-uns.

### *Réponses*

I.—a) Few writers are as much loved and honoured as Shakespeare in their native countries.

b) Shakespeare was born at Stratford, a small town in

Warwickshire, in fifteen hundred and sixty four, and he was eighteen years old when he married Anne Hathaway.

II.—We know very little of Shakespeare's life. As regards his education, we know nothing certain. We know that neither his father nor his mother could write, and it is impossible that he could have derived even elementary instruction from them. We know that there existed a grammar school at Stratford. It is certain that Shakespeare's father who was an alderman had the right of sending his son to that school. It is hardly conceivable that he should have neglected to avail himself of this privilege. It is therefore more than possible that William Shakespeare enjoyed the advantage of the elementary instruction that could be got from the Stratford grammar school, but we cannot be absolutely positive about it.

III.—Travellers or tourists generally like to bring back home some souvenirs which will remind them of the happy time spent in visiting places of interest, mountain resorts, or seaside places. Souvenirs are to be found in plenty in shops. Unfortunately very few have any artistic value. There are ornamental plates, saucers, ash trays, paper weights, replicas of famous monuments and, of course, picture ~~postcards~~ of all kinds. Most of them are rather expensive and ugly. I cannot conceive what pleasure a foreign traveller can derive from buying and taking home a lead or tin replica of the Eiffel tower or of the Arc de Triomphe (which, by the way, are sold by the hundred and by the thousand every year.) I must grant that some very fine picture post-cards can be bought in some shops, but I should prefer to use my own camera, to take pictures of my own choosing. But then, I should have to carry a camera about and develop my negatives. Every rose has its thorns.

IV.—a) It is a curious fact that Shakespeare whose works are read and admired all over the world, whose plays are acted on all the stages of the civilized world, with undiminished success, should have remained such a mysterious figure for us. The noteworthy events of his life which can be considered as pretty certain are so few that some writers have even denied that he has written the plays which are

attributed to him. Their theories are far being conclusive and it is generally admitted that such masterpieces as Hamlet, Othello or King Lear have really been written by William Shakespeare.

He was born in April fifteen hundred and sixty four in the small town of Stratford on Avon, in Warwickshire and christened on the twenty sixth of the month. Many stories are told about his early life, many of which may be legends, the best known one being that which represents his youth as irregular and recounts his deer stealing expedition. At the age of eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway. He had three children, a son who died at twelve years of age, and two daughters. We know nothing about his married life. During some twenty years, while he resided in London, it is supposed that his wife remained at Stratford with her children. In London, he joined a troop of actors. He very likely began by adapting old plays to the exigencies of his theatre. He remained connected with the theatre for twenty five years during which he wrote his thirty seven dramas and his poems. He returned to Stratford in sixteen hundred and eleven and spent the last years of his life there. He died on his ~~birthday~~, April sixteen hundred and sixteen and was buried in Stratford church.

b) I have read extracts from Swift's Gulliver's travels and enjoyed them very much. The book is a long one, and I have read only the first two parts, Gulliver's voyage to Lilliput, an imaginary country inhabited by dwarfs, and his voyage to Brobdingnag, a country of enormous giants. In both of these countries, he met with the most extraordinary adventures. It would take me a very long time (and a very faithful memory) if I was to relate all of them, but I will try to remember one or two.

When Gulliver was thrown on the shore of the island of Lilliput, after the wreck of his ship, he was so exhausted that he lay on the ground and fell asleep. When he attempted to get up, after sleeping for several hours, he could not do so for his arms and legs were strongly fastened, on each side, to the ground, and his hair tied down in the same manner. He very soon realized that he had been bound in this way by



very small human creatures, not six inches high. When these little creatures saw that Gulliver would do them no harm, they set him free and he lived with them for a long time. They were quite friendly and treated him with great kindness. Gulliver became their ally in a war they were waging with an enemy country and on one occasion, captured a whole fleet, a feat which enabled them to win a decisive victory. Lastly they built a ship for him with which he was able to sail back to England.

No less marvellous were Gulliver's adventures in Brobdingnag. One day, as he was lying on his bed, he was attacked by two rats. He took up his sword to defend himself. It was a terrible fight, but, in the end, he managed to kill the two brutes which were larger than big dogs, one of them being nearly two yards long. I like this book because the story is told in such a skilful manner that you forget that it is a tale of imagination. Some incidents are very funny. No wonder this book is one of the favourite ones of English children.

## SÉRIES CLASSIQUES B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET ~~C~~

### *Version*

#### A CHILD'S READINGS

My hours of leisure were usually spent in reading aloud to my mother Pope's translation of Homer, which, excepting a few ballads and songs, was the first poetry which I perused<sup>1</sup>. My mother had good natural taste and great feeling : she used to make me pause upon those passages which expressed generous and worthy sentiments, and if she could not divert me from those which were descriptive of battle and tumult, she contrived<sup>2</sup> at least to divide my attention between them. My own enthusiasm, however, was chiefly awakened by the wonderful and the terrible—the common taste of children, but in which I have remained a child even to this day. I got by

1. To peruse = to read carefully.

2. To contrive to = to succeed in.

heart, not as a task, but almost without intending it, the passages with which I was most pleased, and used to recite them aloud, both when alone and to others—more willingly, however, in my hours of solitude, for I had observed some auditor smile, and I dreaded ridicule at that time of life more than I have done ever since.

Walter Scott.

### Questions

I.—Translate into English : *Les jeunes Français ont-ils le temps de lire les traductions de poètes anciens? Feriez-vous, sans y être invités, l'effort d'y chercher des récits terribles? Les batailles et le bruit sont-ils aussi merveilleux que les victoires scientifiques sur la matière? Les sentiments nobles auxquels la mère voulait que l'enfant réfléchît sont, pour l'homme d'aujourd'hui, plus nécessaires encore qu'autrefois.*

II.—What were the first books you read? Which of them did you like best? Is your taste different now?

III.—Try to explain what W. Scott means when he writes that the wonderful and the terrible are the common taste of children. Do you agree with him? Give reasons for your own opinion.

### Traduction

#### LES LECTURES D'UN ENFANT

Mes heures de loisir se passaient généralement à lire à haute voix à ma mère la traduction que Pope a faite d'Homère et qui, à l'exception de quelques ballades et de quelques chansons, fut le premier ouvrage en vers que j'ai lu. Ma mère était naturellement douée de bon goût et très sensible : elle avait coutume de me faire m'arrêter à ces passages qui expriment des sentiments généreux et dignes, et si elle ne pouvait pas me détourner de ceux qui décrivaient combats et tumulte, du moins réussissait-elle à partager mon attention entre ceux-ci et ceux-là. Mon enthousiasme était, cependant, surtout éveillé par le merveilleux et le terrible pour lesquels les enfants éprouvent communément un goût par lequel je suis resté enfant même aujourd'hui. J'appris par cœur, non pas comme tâche, mais presque sans le vouloir, les passages

qui me plaisaient le plus, et j'avais coutume de les réciter à haute voix, quand j'étais seul, et aussi à d'autres personnes — plus volontiers, cependant, durant mes heures de solitude, car j'avais vu un auditeur sourire, et je craignais le ridicule à cette époque de ma vie, plus que je ne l'ai jamais craint depuis.

### *Réponses*

I.—Have French children any leisure time for reading the translations of ancient poets?

Would you endeavour to look for terrible stories in them without being invited to do so?

Are battles and noise as wonderful as the victories of science over matter?

The noble feelings which the mother wanted the boy to think over are still more necessary for the man of to day than formerly.

II.—I have always been fond of reading and I have read a great number of books (not all of them good ones, I must confess, but then you often do not know whether a book is worth reading until you have reached the last chapters). My father keeps a large collection of books in a huge book case in his study, and, when I wish to read one, I have just to ask him for it, and he lends it to me quite readily unless he thinks that the book I should like is not good for me. In this case, I long for it the more eagerly, but I must obey. Wait till I am a few years older.... The first books I have read were fairy tales. I was particularly fond of Perrault's tales : Puss in boots, The Sleeping Beauty, or Riquet with the Tuft. Then the Arabian nights, which I found very exciting.

How I used to tremble for Ali Baba in the thieves' caves! I also liked Andersen's tales very much. All these books are for very young children, but I think that even grown ups can read them and feel interested. Did not our great fabulist declare :

“ Si Peau d'Ane m'était conté  
J'y prendrais un plaisir extrême. ”

At the age of twelve, I began to read Mayne Reid's and Fenimore Cooper's novels. I enjoyed them very much.

They are full of thrilling adventures. Then, of course, I have read some of Jules Verne's novels, not all of them, for I know that they are very numerous and I could not find more than five or six in father's book case. Those I liked best were : "Five weeks in a balloon," "Twenty thousand leagues under the sea," "Captain Grant's children," and "Round the world in eighty days." Perhaps we modern children, do not find so much interest in these books as those who read them when they were first published. People can travel round the world in much less time than eighty days, nowadays, but, some sixty or eighty years ago it was considered as hardly possible. The same thing can be said of most of Jules Verne's novels. In spite of this, his books are full of exciting and unexpected incidents which make them very pleasant to read. Now my tastes are different. I like to read books written by famous French novelists such as Victor Hugo, A. Daudet, Maupassant, Pierre Loti or Flaubert. I know that a foreign work can be fully appreciated if read in the original text, and I mean to improve my English to be able to do so. Just now, as a last resource, I have to be content with translations.

~~When~~ When Walter Scott says that the wonderful and the terrible are the common taste of children, he means that children are interested in tales of imagination and terror. I think that he is quite right.

See this young boy on his grandfather's knees. How attentive he is, how silent, how quiet! How wide he keeps his eyes open! Grand dad is telling him a fairy tale, Cinderella, his favourite one. Why does he look so deeply interested? Because he believes that everything he is told is true. He does believe that the fairy godmother has really turned the big pumpkin into a gilded coach, the rat into a fat coachman and the mice into footmen; he knows for certain that Cinderella is going to marry the Prince. Of course, a big boy knows, that nothing of the sort ever happened or will ever happen and that is why he feels less interested by fairy tales than a very young child. But I know that even big boys and grown ups are interested in tales of imagination such as Poe's thrilling stories.



Now, are children particularly fond of the terrible? I do not think this can be questioned. They certainly like to read about wars, red Indians scalping unfortunate explorers, trains wrecked by desperadoes, coaches attacked by highwaymen, great fires, earthquakes and floods. They like it because it is all very exciting. When they read about a great battle won or lost, they imagine the flags flying, the drums beating, the trumpets sounding, but they do not think of the heaps of dead soldiers, of the wounded left on the battle field to suffer and die. If they did, they would not feel so enthusiastic about it. Grown up people cannot help thinking of all that is cruel and horrible in a battle, and that is why they often do not like tales of terror which children are generally fond of.

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## ÉGYPTE

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUES B (1<sup>re</sup> langue), C ET MODERNE

### *Version*

Two workmen were carrying a double divan bed, slung on ropes from their shoulders, down the busy streets in the warm fume of a London dusk. They were travelling fast.

Presently the traffic lights were against them and they stood still.

"How much further?" said the man in front. He could not turn his head.

"You're right!" said the man behind.

The lights changed, the traffic moved forward, and the two men were driven over the crossing. On they raced, not daring to stop. They came to a wide road junction and then the lights went red again.

The man behind felt the warm radiator of a lorry toasting his backside.

"How much further?" called back the man in front.

"What d'you mean, how much further? You got the paper," said the man behind.

"What paper?" said the man in front.

"The address she gave you," said the man behind.

"I haven't got no paper," said the man in front.

Motor horns started blowing, the lorry radiator pressed closely on the trousers of the man behind. A bus driver put his head out and shouted.

D'après W. S. PRITCHETT.

### Questions

I.—Translate : *Les deux hommes marchaient depuis un quart d'heure. Comme le divan leur paraissait lourd par cette chaude journée d'été! Ils auraient voulu s'arrêter, mais ils ne le pouvaient pas...*

II.—Correct the workman's wrong way of speaking in : "I haven't got no paper" (Giving two correct sentences).

III.—Explain the last two sentences : why did the motor horns start blowing and why did the bus driver shout?

IV.—~~Tell~~ about an amusing incident like the one described in the text or describe an amusing street-scene.

### Traduction

Deux ouvriers transportaient un divan-lit pour deux personnes, suspendu à leurs épaules par des cordes, le long des rues pleines de monde, dans la tiède vapeur d'un crépuscule londonien. Ils marchaient vite.

Bientôt les feux de circulation leur interdirent d'avancer et ils s'immobilisèrent.

« Combien qu'y reste à faire? » dit l'homme de devant. Il ne pouvait pas tourner la tête.

« Ça va! » dit l'homme de derrière.

Les feux changèrent, les voitures avancèrent et les deux hommes furent poussés de l'autre côté du passage. Ils continuèrent leur marche rapide, n'osant pas s'arrêter. Ils arrivèrent à un vaste carrefour et alors les feux redevinrent rouges.

L'homme de derrière sentit le chaud radiateur d'un camion qui lui rôtiissait le bas du dos.

« Combien qu'y reste à faire? » cria l'homme de devant à celui de derrière.

« Que veux-tu dire, combien qu'y reste à faire? Tu as le papier », dit l'homme de derrière.

« Quel papier? » dit l'homme de devant.

« L'adresse qu'elle t'a donnée », dit l'homme de derrière.

« J'ai pas de papier » dit l'homme de devant.

Des klaxons se mirent à résonner, le radiateur du camion s'approcha tout contre le pantalon de l'homme de derrière. Un conducteur d'autobus sortit la tête et cria.

### *Réponses*

I.—The two men had been walking for a quarter of an hour. How heavy the divan seemed to be to them on this warm summer day! They would have liked to stop, but they could not do so.

II.—To speak correctly the workman ought to have said : "I have got no paper" or "I have not got any paper."

III.—To be obliged to drive very slowly along a busy street is one of the things motor drivers hate most. Give them a wide, straight road with little or no traffic, and they will merrily race along, indifferent to the traffic regulations. This they can do in the open country or in some distant suburb, but in the heart of a big city such as London or Paris, it is quite a different story. There the traffic must move very slowly on account of the huge quantity of vehicles of all sorts which congest the main thoroughfares. The unfortunate pedestrians are bound to remain on the sidewalks, for, if they do not do so, it means courting disaster. The two workmen could not use the sidewalk, for they were carrying a heavy bed, very cumbersome and unwieldy. They could proceed but slowly the road and the long file of vehicles behind them had to do the same. The drivers of these vehicles grew wild and showed their impatience by sounding their hooters, but it was of no avail. The man behind was crawling along just in front of a big lorry, the driver of which

thought it would be funny to frighten the poor fellow, and drove close to his back. Buses must travel fast, and the passengers must have been very angry at this slow procession, and the bus driver put his head out and shouted at the two men (in no complimentary terms, I am afraid), to hurry up.

IV.—Amusing incidents of this kind are pretty frequent in large towns. In fact, I happened to witness something very much like the scene described by Pritchett. It was in a rather narrow street in Paris. A heavy horse drawn van was slowly moving along and a long file of carriages was reduced to a very slow pace indeed. A taxi was just behind. Suddenly, the taxi driver put out his head and addressing the amused bystanders shouted : "That bloke. Seems he is driving his grandmother to church! »

Of course, when you come to think of it, these words are very silly, but they were so unexpected that I could not help laughing. This incident, I did not invent. I did see the scene and I can tell you that every one in the street burst out laughing. But the driver in front looked quite unconcerned and did not hurry in the least.

Another time (it was in a small town in Normandy) I saw a ~~drunkard~~ being chased by a policeman round and round a public square. He belonged to the humorous type of drunkards who are sometimes very funny. He carried a frying pan with him. In spite of his being intoxicated he was a much faster runner than the policeman. He kept on running, shouting : "One, two! One, two!" He frequently fell down, but never forgot to pick up his frying pan. When he had outdistanced the policeman, he would stop, and calmly wait for him, but as soon as the officer drew dangerously near, he would start running again shouting : "One! two!" all the time. I saw them run round the public square three or four times. At last, thinking that the best jokes are the shortest ones, the drunkard increased his speed, and disappeared round a corner, with his frying pan, leaving the infuriated policeman puffing and panting in the middle of the square.

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## ESPAGNE ET PORTUGAL

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A, B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET C

### *Version*

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

My dear child,

Modesty is a very good quality and which generally accompanies true merit. There is, however, a great difference between modesty and an awkward bashfulness, which is as ridiculous as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people and answer them, without being out of countenance, and without embarrassment. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company; he appears embarrassed, does not know what to do with his hands, is disconcerted when spoken to, answers with difficulty, and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance, speaks even to people he does not know in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world and good breeding, a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentlemanlike behaviour.

### *Questions*

I.—Make grammatical remarks on the comparatives “*as ridiculous as*”, “*not so well received as*”; on the defective verb “*ought*”; on the conjunctions “*whereas*” and “*while*” included in the text, and write with each of them a sentence of your own.

II.—Pick out the irregular verbs and give their principal tenses.

III.—Using some of the features sketched in the above

letter, in addition to those you may have derived from your own observations, draw the portrait :

- a) of an awkward bashful boy,
- b) of a graceful, confident and easy-mannered girl.

### *Traduction*

#### LORD CHESTERFIELD A SON FILS

Mon cher enfant,

La discrétion est une très bonne qualité qui accompagne généralement le mérite véritable. Il y a, cependant, une grande différence entre la discrétion et une timidité gauche qui est aussi ridicule que la véritable discrétion est à recommander. Il est aussi absurde d'être un sot que d'être un effronté; et on devrait savoir comment il faut entrer dans une chambre, parler aux gens et leur répondre sans être décontenancé et se sentir gêné. Un personnage vulgaire, ou un rustre, a honte lorsqu'il va dans la bonne société; il semble gêné, il ne sait que faire de ses mains, il est décontenancé quand on lui parle, il répond avec difficulté et bégaye presque : tandis qu'un homme bien élevé, qui a l'habitude du monde, va dans la bonne société avec une assurance gracieuse et convenable, il parle même aux gens qu'il ne connaît pas avec aisance et naturel. Voilà ce qu'on appelle l'usage du monde et la bonne éducation, connaissance des plus nécessaire et importante dans les relations de la vie. Il arrive souvent qu'un homme doué de beaucoup de bon sens, mais qui est peu familiarisé avec l'usage du monde n'est pas si bien reçu qu'un homme qui a moins de dons naturels mais qui se conduit comme un gentleman.

### *Réponses*

I.—In affirmative sentences the comparative of equality of qualificative ajectives is formed by putting the word *as* before the adjective and after. In negative sentences, the first *as* must be replaced by the words *not so*. Example : *Je suis aussi grand que vous, mais pas aussi grand que votre frère* : I am as tall as you, but not so tall as your brother.

The defective verb *ought* expresses moral obligation. Ex.: we ought to love our neighbours. It is also used when we want to advise somebody to do something. Ex.: you ought to go to this museum.

*Whereas* and *while* both mean *tandis que*. *While* refers to time. *Whereas* implies an opposition. Ex.: *J'irai souvent au théâtre tandis que je serai à Paris*: I will often go to the theatre while I am in Paris. *Il est toujours souffrant tandis qu'elle n'est jamais malade*. He is always ailing, whereas she is never ill

II.—To be, I am, I was, Been.

I ought, I ought.

To know, I knew, Known.

To come, I came, Come.

To speak, I spoke, Spoken.

To do, I did, Done.

III.—Jack Wilson is a great friend of mine. He is very clever, very well behaved and good natured but dreadfully awkward and bashful. We go to the same school and all the boys like him very much, but often make fun of him and have nicknamed him Girlie. He is one of the best pupils of our form, but when our teacher speaks to him or when he answers some question, he looks most miserable and speaks in a scarcely audible voice. The teacher is always very kind to him. I do not know what would happen if he scolded him; I suppose he would burst into tears. During the intervals, he seldom plays with us. He does not like our noisy games and prefers to walk about the play ground, all by himself. I often speak of him to my parents and some time ago they told me that they would be very glad to make his acquaintance; so I invited him to come to our place last Sunday and have tea with us. I knew that I should have to press him to accept, and I must say that he did not look overjoyed at the idea of coming, but as he is very polite and good mannered, he promised that he would be at my parent's at half past four. He was very punctual and was there at the appointed time. He pulled the door bell very timidly and I opened the door for him. As soon as he was in the hall, he looked ill at ease. He evidently did not know what to do with his cap which he

kept on transferring from one hand to the other. I helped him out of his perplexity by hanging it on the hall stand. Now the great moment had come for Girlie for he was going to enter the parlour and be introduced to my parents... and my sister Mary. How miserable he looked! Well just as he was going to step into the room, he caught his foot in some fold of the carpet and staggered in. Poor boy! His face was as red as a poppy, and I felt so sorry for him! Mother spoke to him very kindly, and tried to make him feel at home, but the poor chap could not overcome his bashfulness. When he spoke to my sister he stammered most dreadfully. He very nearly upset his cup over the table cloth. He seemed rather relieved when it was time for him to go back home. I do hope that he will feel more self confident as he grows older, for in life bashful people are often the victims of overbold ones.

My sister Mary is quite the reverse. She is graceful, self confident, and easy mannered. She is sixteen but she knows how to enter a drawing room "with a graceful and proper assurance". When talked to, she answers very readily, and she can join in the conversation of grown up people without looking ~~ridiculous~~ or affected. At school, she is always merry and enjoys the most lively and noisy games with her friends. When the teacher puts a question to the whole class, she is always the first to answer. Everybody likes her, for she is a very pleasant girl indeed.

## SÉRIE CLASSIQUE B (1<sup>re</sup> langue)

### *Version*

#### THE MONKEY AND THE CATS

Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide their booty. They therefore went to law, and a cunning monkey was to decide their cause. "Let us see, said the judge; ay, ay, this slice truly outweighs the other"; and so saying he bit off a large piece, in order, as he told them, to make the shares equal.



The other scale had now become too heavy, which gave this honest judge a pretence to help himself to a mouthful from the second slice. "Hold! Hold! cried the two cats; give each of us our share of what is left, and we shall be content".—"If you are content, said the monkey, justice is not : the law, my friends, must take its course".

Upon this, he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats saw that their cheese was in a fair way to be all eaten up. They therefore most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, but to give them what was still left. "Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, good ladies, said the monkey; we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you; and what remains is due to me as the lawyer". So he crammed the whole into his mouth at once.

### Questions

I.—Make a sentence with each of the following verbs : *to outdo, to outrun, to outride, to outlive*.

II.—Translate into English : *Bien volé ne profite jamais. Mieux vaut se contenter de peu que de risquer de tout perdre en voulant tout avoir.*

III.—Why does the monkey say : "Good ladies" and not "good gentlemen" to the cats?

IV.—Give a short description of a monkey.

V.—What does this fable teach us? (You may imagine a dialogue between the two cats as they leave the court, by way of an answer to the above question.)

### Traduction

#### LE SINGE ET LES CHATS

Deux chats affamés, ayant dérobé du fromage, ne pouvaient se mettre d'accord pour partager leur butin. En conséquence ils allèrent en justice, et un singe rusé devait trancher leur différent. « Voyons, dit le juge; oui, oui, cette tranche-ci est vraiment plus lourde que l'autre », et en disant ceci, il enleva d'un coup de dent un gros morceau, afin, dit-il, de rendre les deux parts égales. L'autre plateau de la balance était maintenant devenu trop lourd, ce qui donna à cet hon-

nête juge un prétexte pour se servir une bouchée de la deuxième tranche. « Arrêtez, arrêtez! s'écrièrent les deux chats, donnez-nous à chacun notre part de ce qui reste, et nous serons satisfaits. » — « Si vous êtes satisfaits! dit le singe, la justice ne l'est pas; la loi, mes amis, doit suivre son cours. » Sur quoi, il grignota d'abord un morceau, puis l'autre, jusqu'à ce que les pauvres chats vissent que leur fromage prenait le chemin d'être entièrement dévoré. En conséquence, ils le supplièrent de la façon la plus humble de ne pas se donner davantage de mal, mais de leur donner ce qui restait encore « Ha! ha! ha! pas si vite, mes bonnes dames, dit le singe; nous nous devons justice à nous-même aussi bien qu'à vous, et ce qui reste m'est dû, en qualité d'homme de loi. » Aussi fourra-t-il goulûment le tout dans sa bouche sans plus attendre.

### Réponses

I.—They tried to outdo each other in generosity. He outran all the other men and was the first to reach the town. He outrode all his pursuers.

He died at the age of ninety, outliving all his friends.

~~II. —~~ ~~He~~ gotten gains never prosper.

It is better to be satisfied with little than to run the risk of losing everything by wanting to get all.

III.—In English when the sex of an animal is not specified, the animal is neuter. But in this case, the word *cat* is feminine. Of course, *tom cat* is masculine.

IV.—There are very many different species of monkeys from the huge gorilla or the chimpanzee to the tiny marmoset. Big apes are very ugly, with their long hairy arms hanging down to the ground and their bestial faces. Some small monkeys are very pretty and some of those which can be seen at the Zoo can hold their own with the prettiest and most attractive animals of the five continents. There is one to which I always pay a visit when I go there. It is called a squirrel monkey because it looks very much like a squirrel. It comes from South America and is a native of the great tropical forest. It has a round head, a broad nose and a long tail which, unlike that of many a monkey is not prehensile.

Its arms look as if they had been dipped in yellow dye up to the elbows. The fur of the body is greenish, with alternative lengths of short and long hairs of gold, green and black which cover the squirrel like back. Its eyes are very bright, the cheeks pink and the hands delicately modelled like those of a baby.

It looks quite friendly and harmless, but the keeper told me once that it is extremely short tempered and will very often fly into a passion, if it is not properly fed or treated. It is a very beautiful little animal, to be sure, and I like to spend long moments before its cage and laugh at its quaint antics.

V.—Well, how did you like that lovely bit of cheese, Mrs. Mousey?

—Oh! you may well make fun of me! You were just as silly as I, and we have both been shamefully cheated by that rascally monkey.

—You are right and we are not going to reproach each other.

—No, to be sure! I only wish he will get sick to death. Did you see how greedily he gobbled down the whole piece?

—Pray, don't let us speak of it any more. ~~It will~~ only make us more miserable.

—Well, let this be a lesson for us. I remember mother used to tell us that people always must try to agree with one another and ought never to go to law unless they absolutely cannot help it.

—A very wise piece of advice, indeed. I am sure we shan't forget it.

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## GUADELOUPE

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A ET B (2<sup>e</sup> langue)

*Version*

A RESTAURANT IN ECUADOR

The general equipment of a restaurant in this land demands no great amount of capital. The local painter makes a sign

for it, and you need in addition a strong padlock<sup>1</sup> for the door, four tables, twelve chairs, a few glasses and plates new or old, tinware and a corkscrew and two salt and pepper shakers and a bottle of imitation Worcester sauce—and the dining-room is taken care of. At the bar is a box for the ice which the Indians bring down from the glaciers, a kind of hard, sooty snow, and the light comes from one weak bulb, without a shade, that hangs on a wire in the precise centre of the room together with a sheet of flypaper. The flypaper acts as a sail, so that whenever the door is opened the light is carried to the left or right, and in a busy restaurant, in consequence of this, the shadows of every object are constantly in motion.

Ludwig BEMELMANS, *The Donkey Inside*.

### Questions

I.—Turn into the passive voice : The Indians bring the ice down from the glaciers. The climbers heard a stone fall down the slope.

II.—Translate into English : *L'année dernière, un étranger s'est tué en escaladant cette montagne. Aucun accident n'était arrivé dans le pays depuis dix ans, et, depuis cette date, personne ne quitte le village.*

III.—What is the use of flypaper? Why is it necessary in the restaurant described above?

IV.—Describe a restaurant you have recently had a meal in, as well as regards the room and its furniture as the food you were served.

### Traduction

#### UN RESTAURANT EN ÉQUATEUR

Pour l'essentiel, l'installation d'un restaurant dans ce pays n'exige pas un capital considérable. Le peintre de l'endroit lui confectionne une enseigne, et il vous faut en plus un solide cadenas pour la porte, quatre tables, douze chaises, quelques verres et assiettes neuves ou vieilles, de la ferblanterie, un tire-bouchons, deux salières-poivrières, une bouteille de contre-

1. Padlock = a movable metallic device for locking a door.

façon de sauce Worcester, et on n'a plus à s'occuper de la salle à manger. Au bar il y a une boîte pour la glace que les Indiens descendent des glaciers, une sorte de neige durcie et couleur de suie; la lumière est fournie par une seule faible ampoule sans abat-jour, qui est suspendue à un fil électrique au centre même de la pièce ainsi qu'une feuille de papier attrape-mouches. Le papier attrape-mouches fait office de voile, de sorte que, toutes les fois que l'on ouvre la porte, la lumière est poussée vers la gauche ou vers la droite et, dans un restaurant fréquenté, la conséquence est que les ombres de tous les objets sont constamment en mouvement.

### *Réponses*

I.—The ice is brought down from the glaciers by the Indians. A stone was heard to fall down the slope by the climbers.

II.—Last year, a foreigner was killed when climbing up this mountain.

No accident had happened in the country for the last ten years, and since that time, nobody leaves the village.

III.—Fly-paper is paper over which some adhesive stuff, such as glue, has been spread. If a fly alights on it, it gets stuck on the glue which prevents it from flying away and it soon dies. In all countries flies are very troublesome, but particularly in countries where the weather is very hot, such as Ecuador where they must be a perfect nuisance. Besides, flies are very dangerous, for they carry the germs of many contagious diseases. You can get rid of many of them by using fly paper. Unfortunately they are sometimes so numerous that it seems that the more you catch, the more keep on flying about. Of course they are more numerous in a dirty room than in a clean, tidy, carefully kept one. It appears from what we are told of the restaurant that it was not so clean as such a place ought to be, and flies were very likely swarming all over the walls and ceiling. I can easily imagine them absolutely black with the noisome insects. I am afraid that one sheet of fly paper was practically useless. A score of sheets would have been more effective.



IV.—Some time ago, father took us all to a restaurant for lunch. It was the first time I had a meal away from home, so you can easily imagine what a treat it was for me. We left home at half past eleven, for father had said that if we did not arrive early we were sure to find the place pretty crowded. My sister Mary was quite as excited as I, and mother was happy to see us so glad. A taxi took us quickly, to a nice restaurant in one of the chief thoroughfares of the town. I could see the name of the owner, in gilt letters, over the door. On either side of this door, there was a nicely decorated window. In one, in a sort of tank, a number of big trout were swimming, unaware of the fate which was expecting them. In the other one, in a dish, there was an enormous lobster, ready for the table, with little bunches of parsley and slices of lemon which made of it quite a pretty picture... and which made my mouth water for I am very fond of lobster, crabs and crawfish. We went up a few stairs and stood in the large dining room. I do not think I had ever seen such a beautiful place. Everything was so bright and clean! The walls were covered with mirrors and fine pictures. There were about forty small tables all decorated with flowers and covered with snow white table cloths. The knives, forks and spoons were as bright as gold. There were four chairs round each table and a large dresser at the back of the room.

As soon as we entered a waiter came to us and asked mother which table she would like. A good many were already occupied but mother chose the only one near a window looking out into the street. We sat down and mother began to read the menu which the waiter had handed to her. There were so many tempting things that it seemed rather difficult to make a choice. At last mother ordered the hors-d'œuvre, some radishes with butter, some ham, and some olives. When we had done with them, the waiter came back and mother ordered lobster with mayonnaise. After, we had slices of veal with fried potatoes, and cheese. For dessert, father and mother had pears and we children, oranges and bananas. A splendid meal, was it not? Father had a cup of coffee, and the waiter came back with the bill. Father paid for it and gave the waiter a tip.

Then, mother asked me; "Well, how would you like to have your meals every day, in this nice place? I answered "Oh! Mother, I did enjoy this meal immensely, but I still prefer your cooking." And mother looked very pleased indeed.

## SÉRIES CLASSIQUE B (1<sup>re</sup> langue) ET MODERNE

### Version

#### ON LONDON BRIDGE

I saw a great crowd of boys and men leaning over the bridge, gazing downward towards the river in dead silence. Of course I had to edge my way in; and what do you think I saw? I saw a foreign ship leaving London. The captain was on the bridge, and one or two deck-hands, seeing the fringe of heads above, cheerily waved to us. Then I noticed that no women were looking down at the ship. Women passed by, but it never occurred to them that something wonderful and exciting was happening on the Thames. I suppose they thought, if they thought at all: "Just a lot of men wasting their time as usual." And it occurred to me that this famous view from London Bridge is essentially anti-domestic. It makes it more difficult to go home. And as the ship moved and left us, we shook ourselves from its spell as best we could and went on our various ways with a vision of foreign towns, blue waters and coral reefs.

H. V. MORTON, *In search of London.*

### Questions

I.—Translate : *Il y avait deux mois que le navire était à Londres. Les matelots aimaient mieux rentrer chez eux que de vivre plus longtemps dans une ville étrangère. Certains disaient adieu à Londres et à ses monuments célèbres. Il y en avait d'autres qui regardaient le ciel comme s'ils voyaient déjà dans les nuages l'image de leur pays.*

II.—Ask four questions on<sup>es</sup>: "Two deck-hands waved to us," beginning with what, who, etc.

III.—What would be the first building or monument you

would like to visit if you went to London? Give your reasons.

IV.—How do you account for the love of home and the love of adventure which are both to be found in an Englishman's heart?

V.—In what mood would a bank clerk set to work in the City after having seen a ship leave for the South Seas?

### *Traduction*

#### SUR LE PONT DE LONDRES

Je vis un grand attroupement de jeunes garçons et d'hommes penchés au-dessus du pont et abaissant des regards admiratifs vers le fleuve, en un silence de mort. Naturellement il me fallut me frayer un chemin au milieu d'eux; et que pensez-vous que je vis? Je vis un navire étranger qui quittait Londres. Le capitaine était sur la passerelle, et un ou deux hommes de pont, voyant la bordure de têtes au-dessus d'eux nous firent de la main un signe joyeux. Alors, je remarquai qu'aucune femme n'abaissait ses regards vers le navire. Des femmes passaient par là, mais il ne leur vint jamais à l'idée que quelque chose de merveilleux et de captivant se passait sur la Tamise. Je suppose qu'elles pensaient, si du moins elles pensaient à quelque chose : « Ce n'est rien que quelques hommes qui perdent leur temps, comme d'habitude. » Et je me pris à penser que ce point de vue célèbre que l'on a du pont de Londres est essentiellement anti-domestique. Il vous rend plus difficile le retour à la maison. Et tandis que le navire avançait et s'éloignait de nous, nous nous débarrassâmes de son enchantement du mieux que nous pûmes et continuâmes notre route, chacun de notre côté avec une vision de villes étrangères, d'eaux bleues et de récifs de corail.

### *Réponses*

I.—The ship had been in London for two months.

The sailors preferred going back home to living in a foreign town any longer.

Some were bidding farewell to London and its famous monuments. There were others who were looking at the sky as if they already saw the image of their country in the clouds.

II.—What did two deck-hands do?

Who waved to us?

Whom did they wave to?

What were the two men who waved to us?

III.—Our English teacher often speaks to us about London and its fine monuments, and we have read many passages from famous authors' books describing the best buildings, this huge town can boast of. We have read about St-Paul's cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Guildhall, the National Gallery and the numerous museums of all sorts, all of which must be very beautiful and interesting, but I think that the first building I should like to visit, if I went to London, would be the Tower. I am well aware that it is not the most beautiful building in London, but I am very much interested in history, and know that there is no other place in London, and very few in the whole world, more full of historical reminiscences.

The central tower was built by William the Conqueror on a spot which was chosen, so the legend says, by Julius Caesar himself. This tower was used as a palace for the kings of England down to the time of Charles II. It served also as a state prison for rebellious noblemen, for foreign princes taken prisoners in battles, for kings, for queens, such as Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard and the unlucky queen Mary of Scotland who were beheaded within its gloomy precincts. In the tower a most heinous crime was perpetrated, that of Edward the fourth's children. A visit to the Tower must be most interesting for a boy fond of history as I am.

IV.—Much has been said and written about Englishmen's love for home. One of the most popular English songs is "Home, sweet home!" We also say that "An Englishman's home is his castle". As soon as a City man can run away from his office he hastens to his home (generally in the suburbs) and there, he feels happy and proud of its tidiness and comfort. You should hear him when he speaks of his garden to a friend. There are no such flowers anywhere; as to his lawn (carefully mown and watered several times a week), only the pitch of the Oval is as smooth and green. How can this love of home be accounted for? Well, there must be several

reasons for it, but I believe that the chief one resides in the fact that the climate of the British Isles is very wet and that you most often feel more comfortable at home than in the open air. It is a fact that in hot countries, where people spend much of their time out of doors, the houses are less comfortable than in cold ones.

Why do most Englishmen, love adventure? I think that the chief reason is that they are islanders. There is no part of the British Isles very far from the sea. I do not think you could find one English child who has not seen it, whereas, in France, thousands of people know nothing about it. The love of Englishmen for adventure is a natural consequence of this love of the sea.

V.—Yesterday morning, John Smith left home at half past eight, as he does every day, to go to the offices of Mrss. Falkner and Co, coal merchants in the City. He does not live very far from his employers' premises, and he likes to walk there and back every day. He is not a very imaginative sort of man; indeed his friends consider him as being rather matter of fact.... On that fine May morning, as he was going over London Bridge, he saw a lot of people leaning over the parapet and looking down at the flowing stream. He edged his way through the crowd and saw a fine ship slowly steaming off down the Thames. Some passengers were standing on the deck and merrily waving to the bystanders. How happy they all looked! The name of the boat was a very romantic one! "The fairy of the Isles." To what beautiful sunny country was she sailing? A country of humming birds, palm trees, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers! And he stood, gazing at the ship, slowly steaming away and he mused and mused dreaming beautiful dreams of enchanted islands!

Suddenly, he heard the loud voice of a clock in a neighbouring church solemnly proclaiming the hour. Nine o'clock! With a start, he realized that he would have to run so as not to be very late and he would have to invent some plausible story to excuse himself. Farewell, visions of the romantic East and, very melancholy, away he ran to Falkner's offices.

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## RÉUNION

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### SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A ET B (2<sup>e</sup> langue)

#### Version

#### HAYMAKING

The woman followed him out into the sunshine and took up her rake and began to turn the rows that had been cut since early morning. When she glanced up again the two men were mowing. They seemed to be mowing at the same even, methodical pace, but Ponto was already ahead. He swung his scythe with a long light caressing sweep, smoothly and masterfully, as though his limbs had been born to mow. The grass was shaved off very close to the earth and was laid in a tiny swath<sup>1</sup> that curved gently behind him like a thick rope. On the backward stroke the grass and the buttercups and the bull-daisies<sup>2</sup> were pressed gently backwards, bent in readiness to meet the forward swing that came through the grass with a soft swishing sound like the sound of indrawn breath.

H. E. BATES.

#### Questions

I.—Translate : *L'autre faneur n'était pas aussi habile que Ponto : il fauchait d'une manière raide et gauche et s'arrêtait souvent pour aiguïser sa faux.*

II.—Explain the sentence : "He swung his scythe with a long light caressing sweep as though his limbs had been born to mow".

III.—Give a short description of a haymaking scene.

1. Swath = ridge of grass, corn, etc. lying after being cut.

2. Bull-daisies = a very common flower very much like a daisy but bigger and taller.

*Traduction*

## LA FENAISON

La femme le suivit dehors au soleil, ramassa son râteau et commença à retourner les andains d'herbe coupée depuis les premières heures de la matinée. Quand elle leva les yeux, les deux hommes étaient en train de faucher. Ils semblaient faucher à la même vitesse, égale et méthodique, mais Ponto avait déjà de l'avance. Il balançait sa faux d'un large mouvement circulaire, léger et caressant, doucement et magistralement, comme si ses membres étaient nés pour faucher. L'herbe était coupée au ras du sol, couchée en un tout petit andain qui dessinait une légère courbe derrière lui, semblable à une grosse corde. Quand il tirait la lame en arrière, l'herbe, les boutons d'or et les marguerites étaient doucement repoussés, courbés, tout prêts à affronter le mouvement circulaire d'arrière en avant de la faux se frayant un chemin à travers l'herbe avec un son doux et sifflant semblable au bruit d'une respiration.

*Réponses*

I.—The other mower was not so clever as Ponto; he was mowing in a stiff, awkward way and often stopped to sharpen his scythe.

II.—Peasants are seldom seen, nowadays, mowing hay or corn with scythes. In fact, this kind of work is generally done by machines. Mowing with scythes is very slow work and very tiring, but some small holders who cannot afford to buy expensive machines still mow their fields as their forefathers used to do. When you watch a peasant doing this kind of work, you cannot help thinking that it must be very easy and not very tiring. Just try to do it, and you will soon see that you were greatly mistaken. You will declare that you are tired out, whereas the peasant will go on mowing for hours, pausing only for a few minutes to refresh himself or sharpen his scythe. Watch him. Indeed it looks "as if his limbs had been born to mow" for he seems to do his work without any effort. The graceful sweep of the mower's

scythe has often been described by poets and prose writers.

III.—Haymaking takes place in the month of June. As soon as the weather is setting in fine, everybody in the farm gets ready for it. First of all men go to the meadows to mow the grass, either with scythes or with mowing machines. Then, the grass must be left on the ground to dry in the sun. To make it dry more quickly, the women, boys and girls lift up the grass and toss it up in the air with pitch forks. This kind of work is also generally done by machines nowadays. When the grass is quite dry, the hay is made, and then it must be tied up into bundles or heaped up in hayricks.

Haymaking is a pleasant job for everybody in the farm. The weather is fine, every one is merry and the farmer knows that he is now going to get his reward for all the hard work he has done.

## SÉRIE MODERNE

### Version

#### OLD MR. PONTIFEX

Mr. Pontifex lived in an old-fashioned and comfortable house with a charming garden and an orchard. About one year after his wife's death, Mr. Pontifex also was gathered to his fathers. My father saw him the day before he died. The old man had a theory about sunsets, and had two steps built up against a wall in the kitchen garden on which he used to stand and watch the sun go down whenever it was clear. My father came on to him one afternoon, just as the sun was setting, and saw him with his arms resting on the top of the wall looking towards the sun over a field through which there was a path on which my father was. My father heard him say : "Good-bye, sun; good-bye, sun," as the sun sank, and saw by his tone and manner that he was feeling very feeble. Before the next sunset he was gone.

Samuel BUTLER.

### Questions

I.—Translate into English : *Le vieillard voulait que nous allions nous amuser dans son jardin; depuis la mort de la pauvre*

*Jessie, il se sentait très seul et notre présence lui faisait oublier pour un temps son chagrin.*

II.—Why did the old man say : "Good-bye, sun?"

III.—Describe a sunset in the country or by the sea-side. What are the feelings or recollections roused in your heart by the sight of a sunset?

### *Traduction*

#### LE VIEUX M. PONTIFEX

M. Pontifex habitait une confortable maison à l'ancienne mode, possédant un jardin charmant et un verger. Environ un an après la mort de sa femme, M. Pontifex alla, lui aussi rejoindre ses aïeux. Mon père le vit la veille de sa mort. Le vieil homme avait des idées bien à lui sur les couchers de soleil, et avait fait construire le long d'un mur, dans le potager, deux marches sur lesquelles il avait coutume de se tenir et de regarder longuement le soleil se coucher, toutes les fois que le ciel était clair. Mon père le surprit, un après-midi, juste au moment où le soleil se couchait, et le vit, les bras appuyés sur le haut du mur, regardant vers le soleil, par-dessus un champ traversé par un chemin sur lequel se trouvait mon père. Mon père l'entendit dire : « Adieu, soleil; adieu soleil », tandis que le soleil descendait, et il vit par son intonation et son comportement qu'il se sentait très faible. Avant le coucher de soleil suivant, il était mort.

### *Réponses*

I.—The old man wanted us to come to play in his garden; since poor Jessie's death, he was feeling very lonely and our presence made him forget his grief for a little while.

II.—Mr. Pontifex was very old and felt very weak. He knew that he would not live much longer. He was so fond of looking at the sun slowly going down below the horizon every evening that he considered it as a friend. That night, he felt very tired and feeble, and he was well aware that he would very soon no longer see the sun. So, in a very sad 'melancholy voice he said : "Good bye, sun, good bye". These

words remind me of those pronounced by Phedre, in still more tragical circumstances :

Soleil, je te vois pour la dernière fois.

III.—The people who live in large towns very seldom see the sun rise or set. Indeed, they are deprived of a very beautiful sight. Country people who are early risers can admire it every day if they like, but I am afraid that they are so much accustomed to it that they pay very little attention to one of the finest spectacles man can behold. I must confess that I am too lazy to “rise with the sun” but I have often seen it set.

I saw a particularly beautiful sunset during the last summer holidays. The day had been wet and stormy, and we had spent the greater part of it indoors. Towards the evening, the sky cleared up, and we decided to walk to the top of a neighbouring hill to see the sun set. When we got there, the sun was already very low on the horizon, and fast going down. The sky across which big white clouds were sailing, was brightly lit up by the last rays. Its aspect was continually changing. The globe of the sun was of a deep red colour. When it was hidden by a cloud, we could see bright beams shooting up from it and, after a little while, it reappeared, lower, lower still, till it disappeared completely below the horizon. During all that time, the aspect of the sky underwent many changes; now it was of a delicate pink hue, now deep red, now purple. The feelings roused in my heart by the sight of a sunset are those of admiration and awe. I cannot help thinking of what the first men felt when they saw the sun set for the first time. They must have been terrified at the idea that the sun had disappeared for ever, that the end of the world had come. As for me, I feel deeply moved at the sight of this gorgeous, awe inspiring spectacle.

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## ROME

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### SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A ET B (1<sup>re</sup> langue)

#### Version

#### A BEAR HUNT

The guide wanted to take a rifle along but my friend insisted that he would get his bear with an arrow. In the morning they came across a really big black one, and my friend managed to get within 50 yards.

"It was a perfect opportunity," he explained; "the bear was rearing up clawing at a big beech tree". I drew and let fly. He dropped to the ground but not flat. He growled, saw us and decided we were responsible for his injury. I say "us" but I should have said "me" for the guide was on his way back to camp. I decided there was no point hanging around, so I followed him. Later we discovered the long run was not really necessary. We found the bear dead about 200 yards from where I had been standing when I let the arrow fly. The broadhead had passed through his heart but he had managed to make quite a run.

Raymond R. CAMP.

#### Questions

I.—Translate : *L'après-midi du douzième jour, nous revenions au camp, lorsque mon ami me dit soudain : « Voyez-vous l'ours noir assis sur le sol? »*

II.—Which of the two men seems to you the more courageous and determined? Why?

III.—What is humorous in the way the retreat of the two hunters is told?

IV.—Are you interested in wild animals? Which ones? Would you like to hunt and kill them, or would you prefer a more peaceful sort of approach? Give your reasons.

*Traduction*

## UNE CHASSE À L'OURS

Le guide voulait emmener un fusil mais mon ami déclara avec insistance qu'il tuerait son ours avec une flèche. Dans la matinée ils en rencontrèrent un noir, vraiment gros et mon ami réussit à s'approcher à moins de cinquante yards. « C'était une occasion idéale », expliqua-t-il; « l'ours se tenait debout et était en train de déchirer de ses griffes un gros hêtre ». Je tirai la corde de l'arc en arrière et la lâchai. Il tomba sur le sol, mais pas de tout son long. Il grogna, nous aperçut, et conclut que c'était nous qui avions causé sa blessure. Je dis « nous », mais j'aurais du dire « je », car le guide était en train de retourner au camp. Je décidai qu'il n'y avait pas lieu de traîner par là, et, en conséquence, je le suivis. Plus tard, nous constatâmes que la longue course n'avait pas été vraiment nécessaire. Nous trouvâmes l'ours mort, à environ deux cents yards de l'endroit où je me tenais lorsque j'avais tiré la flèche. Le fer lui avait traversé le cœur mais il avait trouvé la force de courir sur une assez longue distance.

*Réponses*

I.—On the afternoon of the twelfth day, we were coming back to camp, when my friend said to me suddenly: "Do you see the black bear sitting on the ground?"

II.—The guide was certainly not the more courageous and determined of the two. He wanted to take a rifle to kill the bear, but the other thought it would be more sportsmanlike to use a bow and arrows. He was perhaps right, but it is certainly much more dangerous to try to kill a big animal such as a bear with a primitive weapon such as an arrow, than to use a rifle.

Besides, when the bear was wounded, lying on the ground and growling in a very threatening way, the guide did not think it prudent to stay there, and he very deliberately abandoned the sportsman to his fate and calmly bent his steps towards the camp. These two facts show that the guide was not a courageous man.

III.—“The guide was on his way back to camp. I decided there was no point hanging around, so I followed him” The scene is described in a very few words and is undoubtedly humorous. I think that it is so because of this very brevity. If the author had given a long account of the two men's flight, much of its humour would have been lost. “The guide was on his way back to camp” suggests that he slunk away, on the sly. Want of bravery is very contagious and I think I hear the other man say : “After all, the guide was right when he ran off. I'd better do the same. It's no use tarrying there any longer.”

When they found the bear dead and knew that there was no longer any danger, they perhaps felt somewhat ashamed and very likely regretted running such a long distance, since a very short run would have placed them in perfect safety.

IV.—I am fond of animals. At home, we have a dog and a cat which I love very much, but I am also interested in wild animals, particularly these which are found in tropical forests such as elephants, lions, tigers, panthers and apes. A visit to the Zoo is always a treat for me. These animals look so harmless and gentle! I should hate to kill them, even those which are considered as very ferocious, for I believe that wild animals seldom attack men. When they see one, they generally run away, but, of course, if they realize that man is an enemy, it is only natural that they should defend themselves. Some time ago, I have heard a very interesting lecture about D. Schweitzer. The lecturer told us that he not only attends the wounded or sick natives, but that whenever he finds some wounded wild animal in the forest he has it carried to his hospital and takes care of it till it is cured. Some of them are very reluctant to leave him, and we were shown a picture of a big ape clasping Dr. Schweitzer most lovingly round the neck.

No, I should not like to kill wild animals, but I saw a film in which we were shown some people track and entrap them for zoological gardens. It must be very exciting. I saw how big snakes are captured with nooses and then tied to long poles and carried in triumph to camp. I saw how lions and tigers are enticed to tread on branches covering deep pits,

and many other clever devices to catch wild animals without killing them. This I should like to do, but it requires a great deal of courage, patience and skill. Well, I shall perhaps be a hunter of wild animals some day... Why not?

## SÉRIE MODERNE

### Version

#### AN OCCUPIED TOWN

There was a little street not far from the town square. The snow was beaten down on the walks and in the street; but it piled high on the fences. It drifted against the shuttered windows of the little houses. And into the yards paths were shovelled. No light showed from the windows to attract the bombers. And no one walked in the streets, for the curfew was strict. The houses were dark lumps against the snow. Every little while the patrol of six men walked down the street, peering about, and each man carried a long flashlight. The hushed tramp of their feet sounded in the street, the squeaks of their boots on the packed snow. They were muffled figures deep in thick coats; under their helmets were knitted caps which came down over their ears and covered their chins and mouths. A little snow fell, only a little, like rice.

John STEINBECK, *The Moon is down.*

### Questions

I.—Translate : *Que la petite ville était triste et silencieuse malgré la beauté de la nuit ! Les flocons de neige tombaient depuis plusieurs heures.*

II.—Why were “paths shovelled into the yards?”

III.—What must have been the feelings and thoughts of the soldiers patrolling the streets in the conquered and hostile city? and those of the inhabitants?

IV.—Imagine the same town in peace-time on a bright Summer evening or on some festive occasion.

Coefficients : 2-1-2-5.

*Traduction*

## UNE VILLE OCCUPÉE

Il y avait une petite rue non loin de la place de la ville. La neige était tassée sur les trottoirs et dans la rue; mais elle formait une épaisse couche sur les palissades. Elle était poussée par le vent contre les fenêtres aux volets fermés des petites maisons. On avait fait à la pelle des chemins pour pénétrer dans les cours. Aucune lumière qui aurait pu attirer les bombardiers ne se montrait aux fenêtres. Personne ne marchait dans les rues, car le couvre-feu était sévère. Les maisons étaient des masses sombres se détachant sur la neige. De temps en temps, la patrouille de six hommes descendait la rue, cherchant çà et là à percer les ténèbres, et chaque homme portait une lampe électrique. Le bruit assourdi de leurs pas résonnait dans la rue, le craquement de leurs chaussures, sur la neige accumulée. C'étaient des formes emmitouflées, engoncées dans d'épais manteaux; sous leurs casques, ils avaient des passe-montagnes qui descendaient sur leurs oreilles et leur couvraient le menton et la bouche. Il tombait un peu de neige, un peu seulement, semblable à du riz.

*Réponses*

I.—How sad and silent the little town was in spite of the beauty of the night! The snowflakes had been falling for several hours.

II.—When they saw that there had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, the people of the town took up shovels and brooms and made paths through the snow so as to be able to go in and out without walking through it (a very unpleasant thing to do, except for young children who love to do so).

III.—War is a dreadful thing. Men of all ages and conditions must leave their dear homes, their beloved parents, wives and children, to live for months and sometimes for years, exposed to the greatest dangers, and they all hate it. Of course, actual fighting is the most terrible ordeal they have to go through, but soldiers are not always fighting and they have very many other unpleasant things to do.



The soldiers Steinbeck tells us about, are patrolling the streets of a conquered town and it appears that it is not a treat for them. The weather is very cold, the ground is covered with a thick mantle of snow, it is a pitch dark night and they all think of their cosy homes cheerful with bright fires and light. They know that behind the walls of every house they pass by, there are people who hate them, and they feel very insecure. They have to be constantly on the alert for some enemy may be lurking about, ready to shoot at them. This kind of thing is not so dangerous as actual fighting, but they hate it all the same, for it is void of the excitement they get on the battle field and this constant watching and peering about try their nerves in the most unpleasant fashion. They all wish this patrolling over and they think of their quarters where they will at least be safe from danger, find some comfort and warmth and, perhaps, be able to sleep a little, for they feel terribly tired.

The inhabitants of the conquered city are keeping indoors for they have been forbidden to go out of their houses after sunset. I think I can see them, huddled together for warmth, round the table, for they may not have fires in their houses at that late hour. They are talking of the war, they too are thinking of their beloved ones fighting in another part of the country; they too hate war and hope it will soon be over.

IV.—What a gloomy place the little town was now! Many of the houses had been shelled and whole streets had been completely destroyed, so that it was difficult to find one's way about. The steeple of the church, which the citizens of the town used to be so proud of, had been hit by a bomb and partly demolished. The aspect of the town, even in broad daylight, was most dreary and desolate.

A few weeks before, this town had been a very thriving little place. The pretty river still flowed through it, of course, but there were no longer any merry boatmen rowing on it, and no anglers fishing on its green banks!

The day when the town was most busy and gay was market day. Every Tuesday, a great market was held on the main square and the adjoining streets. Many farmers from the neighbouring villages used to repair to it with their goods

which they offered for sale to the housewives. The market square was a place of wonders for the children, but it was more so still at Michaelmas, when a great yearly fair was held. On that day, the whole town was astir. This great fair attracted a very large number of country people from the neighbouring villages, for it was the chief cattle fair of the whole region. It was held on a vast public square, right in the middle of the town, and, all day long, very important business was transacted there. A great part of the square which was set apart for all kinds of shows was crowded with merry holiday makers. There were booths where cakes and sweets were sold. There were shooting galleries where the best shots tried their skill; there were plenty of fortune tellers, invariably predicting a happy future to credulous young men and girls. The huge canvas tent of a big travelling circus attracted hundreds of spectators and little boys and girls were never tired of looking at the merry go rounds.

In the evening there was a great public ball held in the open air, and young men and girls danced merrily till they were tired out. All this bustle, the blazing lights and the loud music of the band made of the public square a very gay noisy place.

Now, the public square is quite deserted and desolate. Will the poor conquered city ever see such merry days again?

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### SUJET-TYPE N° 3

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#### *Version*

Sitting by the fire was a carter who asked the boy what business he was on, and hearing that he was going to London, where even the paving-stones, he had been told, were made of gold, said that he would take him there... It was not long, alas! before the poor boy discovered how little gold was to be found,—and even little paving, except in the churchyards where he slept at night, over the bones of generations. The city *must* be very rich, he supposed, but he saw

little sign of it in the exteriors of the houses; and for the most part, people were so busy that when he tried to stop them to tell them his story, they merely hurried on. The carter had given him a loaf, but that was three days ago, and for a whole day he had nothing to eat, nor had his poor cat, and no one had spoken to him except an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who had come up to him and had said that the kitten looked half-starved, and that if the boy was not careful, he would be prosecuted. That night in the churchyard his cat howled for the first time,—hitherto she had only mewed and purred,—and this gave him an idea. The next day he sang in the street, holding his hat in front of him... Fortunately, he sang very badly and had a loud voice, so people listened to him and gave him money and advice: "Don't get your voice trained, whatever you do", they advised him, "or you'll spoil its freshness."

Osbert SITWELL.

### Questions

I.—Give the principal forms (infinitive, preterit and past participle) of the verbs : *sitting, saw, eat, would, sang, holding, get, come*.

What is the plural of *loaf*. Give a list of another six nouns with similar singulars and plurals.

II.—Turn the last sentence into indirect speech, using the conjunction *that* : "They told him that he..."

III.—Explain the words, phrases and sentences :

A churchyard (what is it? why this name?).

His cat howled for the first time.

And this gave him an idea.

IV.—Imagine a short dialogue between the boy and the officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

### Traduction

Assis près du feu, il y avait un charretier qui demanda au petit garçon ce qu'il allait faire par là, et qui, en l'entendant dire qu'il se rendait à Londres, où, lui avait-on dit, même les pavés étaient en or, lui dit qu'il l'y conduirait. Avant longtemps,

hélas! le pauvre petit s'aperçut qu'on y pouvait trouver fort peu d'or et même fort peu de pavés, sauf dans les cimetières où il dormait la nuit, au-dessus des ossements de générations. La cité devait être très riche supposa-t-il, mais il vit peu de signes de cette richesse dans l'extérieur des maisons; et les gens étaient pour la plupart si affairés que, lorsqu'il essayait de les arrêter pour leur raconter son histoire, ils ne faisaient que poursuivre leur marche rapide. Le charretier lui avait donné un pain, mais il y avait trois jours de cela, et il n'avait rien eu à manger pendant un jour entier, et son pauvre chat non plus; personne ne lui avait adressé la parole, sauf un membre dirigeant de la société protectrice des animaux, qui s'était avancé vers lui, et avait dit que le petit chat avait l'air à moitié mort de faim, et que si le petit garçon ne faisait pas attention, il serait poursuivi. Cette nuit-là, dans le cimetière, son chat fit entendre pour la première fois un miaulement de détresse. — jusque-là, il avait seulement miaulé normalement et ronronné, — et ceci lui donna une idée. Le lendemain il chanta dans la rue, en tenant son chapeau devant lui. Heureusement, il chantait très mal et avait la voix forte, aussi les gens l'écoutèrent et lui donnèrent de l'argent et des conseils : « *Quoi que tu fasses, ne cultive pas ta voix, lui conseillèrent-ils, où tu gâteras sa fraîcheur.* »

### *Réponses*

I.—To sit, I sat, Sat.

To see, I saw, Seen.

To eat, I ate, Eaten.

I will, I would.

To sing, I sang, Sung.

To hold, I held, Held.

To get, I got, Got.

To come, I came, Come.

The plural of loaf is loaves; sheaf : sheaves; leaf : leaves; scarf : scarves (or scarfs); wharf : wharves (or wharfs); knife : knives; life : lives.

II.—They told him that he should not get his voice trained, or he'd spoil its freshness.

III.—A churchyard is an enclosed ground where dead people are buried. Literally, it means : the yard of the church. Burial grounds are called like this because, formerly, they always lay round churches, as they still do in most villages. Nowadays, in large towns, cemeteries are sometimes very far from any churches.

“His cat howled for the first time”. Cats show pleasure by purring, displeasure by growling and spitting, desire by mewling. They sometimes caterwaul at night. Wolves and dogs howl. Why does the author use the verb “to howl” when speaking of the poor boy’s cat? I think that it is because the cat was so ravenous and miserable that her mewling sounded like the howling of a dog.

IV.—The poor boy was nearly starving, and nobody took pity on him. If he asked people for a penny or a piece of bread, they hurried past him, without paying any attention to him. He did not know what to do to attract their attention. So, when he heard the melodious (?) voice of his cat, he remembered that he also could sing, and he thought that it would perhaps not be a bad idea if he sang in the street. The end of the story shows that he was right.

V.—The poor boy : “Please, sir, be kind enough to oblige me with a penny or a piece of bread. I am nearly starving and hardly able to drag myself along”.

The officer of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals : “Hey? what’s the matter with the boy? What do you mean by begging like that in the streets?”

—“Oh, sir, I do hate to do so, but I know that I shall soon die if I do not get something to eat now. I’ve been without food for such a long time!”

—“Why don’t you work, lazybones? You could get an honest penny by doing so, instead of begging in this shameful way. Don’t you know that idleness is the root of all evil?”.

—“Indeed, sir, I have tried to find some work to do, but nobody wants to employ me, for I am too young and weak. I would do any kind of honest work quite willingly, believe me, kind gentleman.”

—“Well try again. I say! Does this miserable cat belong to you?”



—“Yes, sir, I love her dearly, and she will follow me anywhere. She is very hungry too, but I haven't got a penny to buy cat's meal.”

—“The poor animal seems to be starving. You ought to be ashamed to be so cruel to her. Well, look here, boy, I'll give you... a good piece of advice. Mind you give her some food very soon, or I'll have you prosecuted...”

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## SUJET-TYPE N° 4

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### *Version*

#### A RAINY-DAY

Before twelve o'clock there had been some heavy storms of rain, and the water lay in deep gutters on the sides of the gravel-walks in the garden of Broxton Parsonage; the great Provence roses had been cruelly tossed by the wind and beaten by the rain, and all the delicate-stemmed flowers had been dashed down and stained with the wet soil. A melancholy morning, because it was nearly time hay-harvest should begin, and instead of that the meadows were likely to be flooded.

But people who have pleasant homes get indoor enjoyments that they would never think of but for the rain. If it had not been a wet morning, Mr. Irwine would not have been in the dining-room playing at chess with his mother; and he loves both his mother and chess quite well enough to pass some cloudy hours very easily by their help.

George ELIOT.

### *Questions*

I.—Draw a list of the irregular verbs in the text and give their preterites and past participles.

II.—Give another construction for : “if it had not been a wet morning.”

III.—What is the aspect of a garden in the rain? Describe one.

IV.—Are you fond of indoor games? What indoor game would you choose on a rainy day? Why?

*Traduction*

## UN JOUR DE PLUIE

Avant midi il y avait eu quelques grosses averses, et l'eau s'étendait en rigoles profondes sur les côtés des allées de gravier dans le jardin du presbytère de Broxton; les grosses roses de Provence avaient été cruellement secouées par le vent et battues par la pluie, et toutes les fleurs aux tiges délicates avaient été jetées à terre et salies par le sol humide. Matinée mélancolique parce que c'était à peu près le moment où la fenaison aurait dû commencer, et au lieu de cela, les prairies seraient probablement inondées. Mais les gens qui possèdent un intérieur agréable trouvent chez eux des plaisirs auxquels ils ne penseraient jamais sans la pluie. Si la matinée n'avait pas été humide, M. Irwine n'aurait pas été dans la salle à manger en train de jouer aux échecs avec sa mère et il adore et sa mère et les échecs suffisamment pour passer quelques heures sombres très facilement avec leur aide.

*Réponses*

I.—To be, I was, Been.

To lie, I lay, Lain.

To beat, I beat, Beaten.

To begin, I began, Begun.

To get, I got, Got.

To think, I thought, Thought.

To have, I had, Had.

II.—Had it not been a wet morning.

III.—A carefully kept garden is a fine thing indeed, and you can spend some really pleasant time there on a fine sunny day. The house in which I live with my parents has no garden, for we live in the heart of the city, but a good friend of mine lives in a distant suburb and there is a very beautiful one behind his parent's house. He often invites me to go to his place, and we have spent many delightful hours there. Last Sunday, I left home early in the morning to spend the whole day with him. The weather was lovely and when I saw the garden it was a really beautiful sight. About midday,

the sky became very cloudy, the heat was very oppressive, and we could hear the rumble of distant thunder. Soon big drops of rain began to fall, the wind began to blow harder and harder, and it was quite dark. The sky was now as black as ink, blinding flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder showed that we were going to have a severe storm. We rushed indoors and stood at the window looking at the beautiful garden which bore the whole brunt of the storm. My friend's mother prides herself on having the finest roses of the neighbourhood, and she stood sadly looking at the rose trees relentlessly shaken by the wind. The delicate petals of her favourite roses were being torn off and scattered all about the garden. The few buds which were not completely spoilt were being mercilessly tossed by the wind, and the stems of many were broken. The bed of tulips was soon a pitiful sight. Most of the flowers which were not broken were lying on the wet ground, stained with the wet earth. They all looked miserable and irremediably spoilt. Pansies, forget me nots, daffodils, mignonettes, all the pretty flowers had been spoilt by the rain. When the sun shone again, we went out into the garden, and, as we were walking along the sodden paths, we felt very sad. I must say that some flowers which had been less exposed to the fury of the storm looked the better for having been refreshed, but the beautiful roses had terribly suffered, and many had been completely destroyed.

IV.—I do not like staying indoors, I prefer to take walks in the country and to play outdoor games with my friends; I am particularly very keen on football and cross country races. But of course, when the weather is very bad, my parents will not have me leave home. Do not think that I do not know how to spend leisure time pleasantly. There are plenty of indoor games which can help me to beguile the time. I am very fond of bridge but it is not always possible to find immediately three friends willing to play. In this case, I ask mother to play chess with me. She never refuses, but she plays much better than I and I seldom win. I always enjoy playing chess. I think it is the most interesting of all indoor games. I should not call it very

exciting, but each move you must take is a problem to be solved, and I like maths.

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## SUJET-TYPE N° 6

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### *Version*

#### THE CHARM OF BRITAIN

The charm of Britain lies in no small measure in these contrasts thrown as they are into even greater prominence by the fickle<sup>1</sup> yet fascinating moods<sup>2</sup> of British weather. The London pea-soup fog is a creation rather of fiction than of fact : without it novels of Victorian London or the exploits of Sherlock Holmes would lose much of their flavour. Actually the fog records of the worst of British localities compare favourably with most parts of the world. The vagaries of Spring may be tiring, but they have their compensations. Chaucer recognized these vagaries six centuries ago as an essential prelude to the bursting forth of Spring flowers and leaves. Nor would the emerald Isle of Ireland deserve her adjective except for the frequent procession of mild damp days throughout the year. The variety of scenery in Britain is largely a reflection of the complex geological history of the islands.

L. DUDLEY STAMP, *The face of Britain.*

### *Questions*

I.—It has often been said that “England has no climate but samples of weather” what do you think of it? Is it true or is it a joke? How can you account for the fickleness of weather, in Britain?

II.—Do you know any novelists who lived under Queen Victoria (1837-1901)?

III.—Explain : “the London pea-soup fog”.

IV.—Why is Ireland called the Emerald Isle?

1. Changeable.
2. Caprices.

*Traduction*

## LE CHARME DE LA GRANDE-BRETAGNE

Le charme de la Grande-Bretagne réside, pour une proportion non négligeable dans ces contrastes qui sont encore plus accentués par les fantaisies capricieuses et cependant pleines d'attraits du climat britannique. Le brouillard purée de pois londonien est plutôt une création de la fiction que de la réalité; sans lui les romans du Londres de l'époque victorienne ou les exploits de Sherlock Holmes perdraient beaucoup de leur saveur. En fait, les statistiques concernant le brouillard des pires des localités britanniques peuvent supporter favorablement la comparaison avec celles de la plupart des parties du monde. Les fantaisies du printemps sont peut-être ennuyeuses, mais elles ont leurs compensations. Chaucer voyait en ces fantaisies, il y a six siècles, un prélude nécessaire à l'épanouissement des fleurs et des feuilles du printemps. Et l'île d'émeraude ne mériterait pas son nom, n'était la fréquente succession de jours doux et humides pendant toute l'année. La diversité du paysage en Grande-Bretagne est en grande partie un reflet de la complexe histoire géologique des îles.

*Réponses*

I.—Some people cannot conceive the British Isles without a thick pall of fog hanging over them. Of course, they are greatly mistaken, and many beautiful sunny days can be enjoyed there. One thing can be said : generally speaking, the climate of Great Britain is not very bright; a clear blue sky is a rare thing and the weather is very changeable. When you say that England has no climate, but samples of weather, it is a joke, to be sure, but all the same, it must be granted that the same type of weather seldom prevails for a long time. Great changes are brought about within the same day, and sometimes within the same hour.

These sudden changes are caused by the wind. Besides, one thing must always be borne in mind when you speak of the English climate, namely that no part of the isles is very far from the sea and well protected from the wind. The



fickleness of the weather in Great Britain is the consequence of these two facts. I must add that this kind of weather prevails also in some parts of France, chiefly in the West.

II.—The greatest and most popular novelists who lived during queen Victoria's reign were Charles Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontë sisters and G. Eliot.

Dickens's best novels are : *The Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *David Copperfield*.

Thackeray was the contemporary of Dickens. His works are very different. The best known of his novels are : *Pendennis*, *Henri Esmond* and *Vanity Fair*.

The three sisters Brontë wrote some novels which are still very popular. Charlotte Brontë wrote : *Jane Eyre*; Emily wrote : *Wuthering Heights* and Anne : *Agnes Gray*.

G. Eliot's best novels are : *Silas Marner*, *Adam Bede*, and *The Mill on the Floss*.

III.—An English author has said : "Of all detestable things a pea soup fog is the most detestable". A pea soup fog (sometimes called a "London particular") is a fog of a yellowish colour, so thick that you cannot see anything at a distance of more than a few feet. When there is such a fog in London, it is wise to keep indoors, for walking about the streets of the town means courting disaster. You can hardly breathe, your face and hands are clammy, and if you wipe them with your pocket handkerchief, it will be quite black. Of course, the traffic is at a standstill, but many accidents occur all the same. Pedestrians caught in such a fog sometimes wander for hours without knowing where they are. By what are such fogs caused? No satisfactory explanation has yet been found. One thing is certain, namely that London is the only place in the British Isles where they are experienced. Fortunately, foggy days of that sort are rather rare, and many a foreigner has to leave England, very much disappointed because in the course of a year's stay, he has never seen one. A misty day in London is not unpleasant, but a real foggy one is a most hateful thing.

IV.—The greater part of Ireland consists of a plain watered

by a large number of slow rivers. This plain which is very fertile is mostly covered with meadows. As it rains very often, these meadows are of a beautiful vivid green. That is why Ireland has been called "The Emerald Isle".

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### SUJET-TYPE N° 33

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#### Version

#### A GOLDEN BREAKFAST

Midas had poured out a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendour in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe.

Amid these thoughts he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump.

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas rather aghast.

He took one of the nice little trout on his plate, and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from an admirably fried brook trout into a fish of gold.

N. HAWTHORNE.

#### Questions

I.—Name a few nouns which, like *trout*, do not take an s in the plural.

II.—Translate into English : *J'en suis certain. Je connais très bien Londres, mon frère y habite, j'en reviens après y avoir passé trois mois. En Angleterre on boit beaucoup de thé. Pourquoi n'êtes-vous pas venus chez nous hier? on a joué aux cartes jusqu'à sept heures.*

III.—Tell the story of king Midas in your own words. In five or six lines draw the moral of it.

*Traduction*

## UN DÉJEUNER D'OR

Midas avait versé une tasse de café, et, naturellement, quel que fut le métal dont elle pouvait être faite lorsqu'il la souleva, la cafetière était en or lorsqu'il la reposa sur la table. Il pensa en lui-même que c'était un genre de splendeur plutôt extravagant chez un roi aux habitudes modestes comme les siennes, que de déjeuner dans un service en or, et il commença à être très embarrassé à l'idée du mal qu'il aurait à garder ses trésors à l'abri des voleurs.

Au milieu de ces pensées, il porta une cuillerée de café à ses lèvres, et, en la buvant tout doucement, il fut étonné de constater que dès que ses lèvres touchèrent le liquide, il devint de l'or fondu, et un instant après une masse dure. « Ha! », s'écria Midas, plutôt ébahi.

Il prit une des belles petites truites qui étaient sur son assiette, et, pour voir ce qui allait arriver, il lui toucha la queue avec son doigt. A sa grande terreur, elle fut immédiatement transformée, d'une truite de ruisseau admirablement frite en un poisson d'or.

*Réponses*

I.—Sleep—Deer—Grouse—Cattle—Salmon are some nouns which do not take an s in the plural.

II.—I am certain of it.

I know London very well, my brother lives there, I am just back from there after a three month's stay.

In England they drink a great deal of tea.

Why did you not come to our house yesterday? We played cards till seven o'clock.

III.—King Midas was a king of Phrygia who was uncommonly fond of riches. One day, he captured a companion of Bacchus, named Silenus, and the god of wine was so very sorry that he told him that he would grant him anything he would wish, if he would only set free this good friend of his. Midas thought and thought and thought, and at last a bright idea came to him and he said: "I wish all that I touch to be changed into gold."—"It shall be as you wish, Bacchus said. Now,

everything you touch shall be turned into solid gold." And he left Midas, arm in arm with his dear Silenus.

Midas involuntarily touched a chair which was at once changed into a golden chair. He pulled aside a window curtain which was also turned into gold. He touched his clothes, and found himself in a gorgeous suit of gold. He took out his handkerchief, which was also changed into gold. He went downstairs, and the banister turned to gold as soon as he touched it. Now, he began to feel hungry, and called for his breakfast. This was brought from the kitchen and set on the table before him. A very substantial, appetizing breakfast it was. He began by pouring out some coffee into a cup, and lifted it to his lips. Immediately the liquid was changed into a hard lump of gold. He took one of the nice little trout which had been served for him and which he was very fond of, and it became a fish of solid gold. Midas then, began to be thoroughly frightened, for he saw that he was going to be starved to death if he could not manage to get rid of the fatal gift. So, he ran to Bacchus, and begged him most humbly and earnestly to rid him of it. The god burst out laughing and said : "Well, I am glad to see you much wiser than you were yesterday! Run to the river Pactolus, and plunge into it, and everything will be all right. This, king Midas did at once. He did enjoy this dip in the river, the waters of which have ever since been full of grains of gold dust.

The moral of this legend can easily be drawn. What do most people wish for? Is it wisdom or health, or knowledge? Certainly not. Wealth is what they long for. They believe that when they are very rich, they will be able to get everything man can dream of. They are greatly mistaken. There are many things which cannot be bought with gold. A very wealthy man cannot be happy if he is constantly ill; if he does not find domestic happiness at home, no amount of gold can give it him. Let a man be sufficiently well off to live decently and comfortably with his family, and he ought to be wise enough to be satisfied with his lot.

## SESSION DE JUIN-JUILLET 1954

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### FRANCE MÉTROPOLITAINE

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SÉRIES MODERNE, MODERNE M' ET TECHNIQUE B

#### *Version*

#### THE YELLOW BUS

Meanwhile we have reached the outskirts of the market-town. We collect our bags and baskets, the eggs, the chickens, the broken wireless set, and we are in a clumsy sort of heap just at the moment that the 'bus pulls up, and we sway and cling, the one to the other. The air is filled with laughter and sharp comments upon the merits of Lancashire driving<sup>1</sup>. And slowly we get off. The street seems barely visible; indeed it is lost in a forest of hats and caps and capes, and bags, and everybody rushing off to do their business. Is this the end of the story? No. It has scarcely begun. There still remains the adventures in the market to be discussed when we all meet again in the afternoon. Of one thing, we may be sure : the yellow'bus will be there, on time, and in spite of rain, hail, or thunder, or even sudden death.

James HANLEY.

#### *Questions*

I.—Turn into the future : "There still remains... in the afternoon."

II.—What is the general atmosphere prevailing in the bus? Would it be the same in a town-bus? (Answer briefly.)

III.—What do you know about Lancashire? (10 to 15 lines.)

1. The driver is from Lancashire.



IV.—What is the part played in village life by the local bus? (10 to 12 lines.)

*Traduction*

L'AUTOBUS JAUNE

Sur ces entrefaites, nous avons atteint les abords du bourg. Nous rassemblons nos sacs, et nos paniers, les œufs, les poulets, et le poste de radio détraqué; nous sommes entassés, en désordre. Au moment où l'autobus s'arrête, nous oscillons et nous nous cramponnons les uns aux autres. L'air est rempli de rires et de sévères commentaires sur la valeur de la façon de conduire dans le Lancashire. Et alors nous descendons lentement. La rue semble à peine visible; en fait, elle est perdue dans une forêt de chapeaux, de casquettes, de pèlerines et de sacs, et tout le monde se hâte d'aller à ses affaires. Est-ce là la fin de l'histoire? Non. Elle est à peine commencée. Il reste encore à discuter les aventures survenues au marché quand nous nous retrouverons tous l'après-midi. D'une chose nous pouvons être certains, l'autobus jaune sera là, à l'heure et en dépit de la pluie, de la grêle ou du tonnerre, ou même de la mort subite.

*Réponses*

I.—There will still remain the adventures in the market to be discussed when we meet again in the afternoon.

II.—The general atmosphere prevailing in the bus is one of excitement and merriment. It would be quite different in a town bus, and this is easily explained. The people who travel in buses in towns do so very often, many do so every day and even several times a day to go to their work and come back home. They generally are in a hurry, the bus is very often crowded and the journey, however short it may be, seems tedious and tiring to them. On the contrary, country people who go to the market town once a week enjoy their ride in the bus because they know they will have a pleasant day. They all know one another and the journey is spent in talking and joking.

III.—Lancashire is one of the counties of the “rugged North.” It lies to the north of Cheshire, to the west of Yorkshire, and to the south of Cumberland. On the eastern side, it is bathed by the Irish sea. There, is to be found one of the chief coalfields of England, between the Peak district and the sea. It is chiefly an industrial region, and not one I should choose for a holiday, though it would not be fair not to mention Blackpool, a very popular seaside resort, with a fine beach bordered by a beautiful sea wall on which stands an “Eiffel tower”, five hundred feet high. In Summer, the place is crowded with holiday makers from the big industrial towns. There are some very large and important towns in Lancashire. The chief ones are Manchester, Liverpool, and Preston. The nickname “Cottonopolis” shows that Manchester is the centre of the cotton industry. It is full of mills and factories of all sorts. Liverpool, on the estuary of the Mersey, is one of the most important ports in the world. Preston is not so big, but is a large industrial town. Lancaster is much less populous. It lies on the banks of the river Lune. From this town, the jagged crests of the Westmoreland and Cumberland mountains can be seen. Lancashire is one of the most thickly populated counties of the British isles. The big towns are all busy hives of industry and the tourist must not expect to see there such verdant fields and meadows as he would find in Kent or Essex. It is the “Black country.”

IV.—Not so many years ago, the people who lived in villages or in isolated farms seldom left them to go to the market town, sometimes ten or fifteen miles away. They had, of course, every week, on market day, to carry their fowls and vegetables to the market place. Sometimes, too, but very seldom, some urgent business compelled them to go there, but then, they had to jog along the road in a rattling cart, and when the rain was pouring down, or on very cold days, it was no treat for them.

Nowadays, things are very different. The local bus plies regularly from the village to the town, and they enjoy the short journey very much. When there is some nice film on at the cinema, they can go there; if they want to go to

the doctor's or the dentist's, they can do so easily, and the village belles can go to the milliner's or the fashionable dress maker's. The local bus does much to make the life of a villager much more pleasant than it used to be.

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## ALGER

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### SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A ET B (2<sup>e</sup> langue)

#### *Version*

#### SLEEPING BEAUTY

When she pricked her hand with the spindle, she dropped down on the middle of the floor in the tower where she had found the old woman spinning, and the King and Queen came up the narrow staircase, frightened and out of breath. Though the disaster was clear enough and the warning had been ample, they sent for the good fairy, to see if anything could be done.

Very little comfort they got from her! The prophecy was running a normal course, she said, the young woman's condition was satisfactory in the circumstances, and at the end of the century they would know more about it.

Her one practical suggestion was that since the young woman would have to lie there so long, they'd better make her comfortable in bed. The Queen, between her tears, thought it might be wise to get her out of her clothes and under the blanket, but the good fairy advised leaving her on top, fully clothed against an emergency.

John ERSKINE.

#### *Questions*

I.—Turn into the interrogative-negative form the sentences : The disaster was clear enough and the warning had been ample. They'd better make her comfortable in bed. (Noté sur 1,5.)

II.—Express differently the following sentence : The

warning had been ample, (*two forms, using for, since, ago, or, before, as the case may be.*) (Noté sur 1,5.)

III.—A short letter : The Queen explains what the accident was, what she said, and what she did. She also explains when and how the little princess will come out of her sleep. (Noté sur 3.)

IV.—Do you like fairy tales, and why? What fairy tales do you prefer? If you do not like fairy tales, explain why and tell what sort of tales or stories you like, and why. (Une dizaine de lignes; noté sur 4.)

### *Traduction*

#### LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT

Quand elle se piqua la main avec le fuseau, elle tomba sur le plancher, au milieu de la salle, dans la tour où elle avait trouvé la vieille femme en train de filer; et le roi et la reine montèrent l'étroit escalier, effrayés et hors d'haleine. Bien que le désastre fût tout à fait évident, et que l'avertissement eût été très clair, ils envoyèrent chercher la bonne fée pour voir s'il n'y avait rien à faire.

Ils en tirèrent une bien faible consolation! La prédiction suivait un cours normal, dit-elle, l'état de la jeune femme était satisfaisant, vu les circonstances, et, au bout d'un siècle, ils en sauraient plus long à ce sujet.

Son seul conseil pratique fut que, puisque la jeune femme devrait être étendue là si longtemps, on ferait mieux de l'installer confortablement. La reine, tout en larmes, pensa qu'il serait peut-être sage de la déshabiller et de la mettre sous la couverture, mais la bonne fée leur conseilla de la laisser dessus, tout habillée pour qu'on soit prêt à toute éventualité.

### *Réponses*

I.—Was not the disaster clear enough and had not the warning been ample?

II.—They had been amply warned for a long time.

Fifteen years ago, a fairy gave ample warning to the princess's parents.

III.—

Dear friends,

I am going to recall to you the wonderful circumstances which followed the birth of our darling little princess, fifteen years ago. We had invited to the christening all the fairies we could find in the neighbourhood. A great feast was provided in their honour. A beautiful gold case containing a gold spoon, fork and knife enriched with diamonds and rubies had been set before each of them. Unfortunately, an old fairy who had not been seen for over fifty years was not invited. The old lady felt very much offended. All the fairies soon began to bestow their gifts on the baby. One promised that the girl should be the prettiest in the world. Another that she should be full of wit. Another that she should be graceful, the fourth one that she should dance very well, the fifth one that she should sing like a nightingale, and the last one that she should be a most skilful musician. The old fairy, then, came forward and predicted that the princess should prick her finger with a spindle and die of the wound. But a young fairy came and said to us : "your daughter shall not die of the sting, but she shall fall asleep and sleep for a hundred years". The king then forbade all his subjects to spin and even to keep spindles in their houses. Well, I suppose you remember all this very well. Some days ago, we left the princess, now fifteen years old, alone in the castle. Our darling girl wandered about all the rooms, and she found an old lady spinning at the top of a tower. The old woman had never heard of the king's orders. The princess who had never seen a spindle, and was unaware of the terrible prediction, asked her to show it her. She took it in her hand, pricked her thumb with it, and immediately fell asleep. We had her carried to her bed, and there she lies now, and we know that she will not wake up before a hundred years have passed. When she wakes up, we shall have been dead many years. How sad we are to know that we shall never see our darling princess running merrily about the castle! But we do know that, when she wakes up, a charming prince shall be there to marry her!

IV.—I have always been very fond of reading : when I



was a very young child, I was given a big book full of fairy tales. I read them all with the greatest pleasure, Cinderella, Riquet with the tuft, Jack and the beanstalk, little Red Riding Hood and many others.

I do not think I should enjoy them quite as much now. These wonderful stories appeal chiefly to a child's imagination. A sixteen years old boy or girl cannot possibly believe that the marvellous events they relate have really taken place. Now, I prefer books of adventures. By reading them I learn many interesting facts about far off countries and other parts of this wonderful world of ours.

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## A. E. F., MAROC, TOGO ET CAMEROUN

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUE B (1<sup>re</sup> langue) ET MODERNE

### *Version*

#### ON BOARD THE EMIGRANT-SHIP

Foster had been hustled<sup>1</sup> together with many others on board the emigrant-ship lying at the mouth of the Elbe, too bewildered to take note of his surroundings, too weary to see anything, too anxious to care. They were driven below into the 'tweendeck<sup>2</sup> and battened down<sup>3</sup> from the very start. It was a low timber dwelling—he would say—with wooden beams overhead, like the houses in his country, but you went into it down a ladder. It was very large, cold, damp, and sombre, with places in the manner of wooden boxes where people had to sleep one above another, and it kept rocking all the time. He crept into one of these boxes and lay down there in the clothes in which he had left his home many days

1. To hustle = to push roughly.

2. The'tween-deck = *l'entrepont*.

3. Battened down = closed in.

before, keeping his bundle by his side. People groaned, children cried, water dripped, the lights went out.

J. CONRAD.

### Questions

I.—Give the opposite of : *many*; *below*; *damp*; *it kept on rocking*; *to lie down*.

II.—Translate : *Il aurait dû s'allonger plus tôt. Avez-vous jamais quitté votre pays?*

III.—Imagine Foster's thoughts as he lay in the "box".

IV.—Why in your opinion are the English so interested in the sea?

### Traduction

#### A BORD DU BATEAU D'ÉMIGRANTS

Foster avait été brutalement poussé, en compagnie de beaucoup d'autres, à bord du navire d'émigrants ancré à l'embouchure de l'Elbe, trop ahuri pour remarquer ce qui l'entourait, trop las pour voir quoi que ce soit, trop anxieux pour se soucier de rien. On les poussa en bas, dans l'entrepont et, immédiatement, on condamna les descentes. Il l'aurait décrit comme étant une habitation en bois, basse de plafond, avec des poutres de bois au-dessus de sa tête, comme les maisons de son pays, mais on y descendait par une échelle. Elle était très vaste, froide, humide et sombre, avec des endroits ressemblant à des caisses de bois où les gens devaient dormir les uns au-dessus des autres, et elle ne cessait de se balancer. Il se glissa dans une de ces caisses et s'y coucha sans avoir enlevé les vêtements avec lesquels il avait quitté son pays, il y avait bien des jours, et en gardant son ballot à côté de lui. Des gens poussaient des gémissements, des enfants pleuraient, il tombait de l'eau goutte à goutte, les lumières s'éteignirent.

### Réponses

I.—The opposite of *Many* is *Few*.

The opposite of *Below* is *Above*.

The opposite of *Damp* is *Dry*.

The opposite of: "*It kept on rocking*" is "*It stopped rocking*."  
The opposite of: "*To lie down*" is "*To get up*".

II.—He ought to have lain down earlier.

Have you ever left your country?

III.—An emigrant leaves his country after he has realized that he cannot stay there any longer because he is unable to find any employment, or perhaps because he is persecuted on account of his political ideas or religious creed.

When Foster lay in the uncomfortable wooden box in the tweendeck of the ship, I suppose he could not help thinking of the bed he used to sleep in at home, which certainly was less hard and dirty, in spite of his great poverty. Lying in the dark, he felt cold and miserable and felt that it would be very hard to sleep there, with all that noise, that stench, and, very likely the presence of noisome hungry insects, and the thought of his room, in the small town he had left a few days before came back to his memory. It was very poor and very scantily furnished, but it was a palace, compared to the place he was shut up in.

But the journey would not be so very long, and he would be free when he landed. He would easily find work to do, he would prosper and become rich. He would no longer be spied upon and sent to prison because his opinions differed from those of the governing classes. Thousands of emigrants had left their homes, cherishing these ideas, and many had been disappointed. But Foster did not doubt that he would be successful, and his heart was full of hope.

IV.—Anybody looking at a map of the British isles sees at once that there is no place in them very far from the sea. Indeed, a good many French children have never been to the seaside, but I do not believe that such a thing could be asserted in reference to British boys or girls. All English people know the sea and love it. This accounts for the fact that many inhabitants of Great Britain have been sea rovers and explorers. The control of the sea is a vital necessity for the English because their country nowadays is chiefly an industrial country and they are obliged to import huge quantities of raw materials and food stuffs. If British ships did not supply them with goods of all sorts, they could not

live. In a well known poem Kipling speaking of "big steamers" says :

"For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,  
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,  
They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers,  
And if any one hinders our coming, you'll starve."

Besides the sea affords a very effective protection from her foes, though this protection is certainly less so nowadays when airplanes can fly over the channel in a few minutes. However, the sea remains a strong defense against invasion.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep."

All this helps us to understand why the English are so fond of the sea and of her navy.

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## A. O. F., ANTILLES ET GUYANE

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### SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A, B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET C

#### *Version*

#### A MARKET AT DAWN

As the dawn was breaking, he found himself close to Covent Garden. The darkness lifted and flushed with faint fires, the sky hollowed itself into a perfect pearl. Huge carts filled with lilies rumbled slowly down the empty street. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers. He followed into the market, and watched the men unloading their waggons. A carter offered him some cherries. He thanked him, and wondered why he refused to accept any money for them, and began to eat them listlessly. They had been plucked at midnight, and the coldness of the moon had entered into them. A long line of boys carrying baskets of striped tulips,

and of yellow and red roses, defiled in front of him, threading their way through the huge jade-green piles of vegetables. Iris-necked and pink-footed, the pigeons ran about picking up seeds.

Oscar WILDE.

### Questions

I.—In what season is the market described? Give reasons for your answer.

II.—Has the market already begun? Why is everything prepared so early in the morning?

III.—Translate : *Les fleurs étaient si belles qu'il aurait été incapable de choisir s'il avait dû en acheter. Il se demandait pourquoi on avait cueilli les fruits en pleine nuit.*

IV.—Describe a town or village at dawn or at sunset. (10 to 15 lines.)

### Traduction

#### UN MARCHÉ À L'AUBE

A la naissance de l'aube, il se trouva tout près de Covent Garden. L'obscurité se dissipa et s'empourpra de faibles lueurs, le ciel se creusa en une perle parfaite. D'énormes charrettes remplies de lis descendirent lentement, à grand bruit, la rue vide. L'air était chargé du parfum des fleurs. Il continua d'avancer, pénétra dans le marché et regarda longuement les hommes qui déchargeaient leurs camions. Un charretier lui offrit quelques cerises. Il le remercia, se demanda pourquoi il refusa d'accepter de lui le moindre argent et il commença à les manger distraitement. Elles avaient été cueillies à minuit, et le froid de la lune les avait pénétrées. Une longue file de jeunes garçons portant des paniers de tulipes panachées, et de roses jaunes et rouges, défilèrent devant lui, se faufilant à travers les énormes tas de légumes vert jade. Le cou irisé et les pattes roses, les pigeons couraient de-ci de-là, picorant des graines.



*Réponses*

I.—The market is described in the last days of Spring or the first ones of Summer, for it is the moment of the year when cherries are ripe and flowers begin to be plentiful. Then, the weather must have been warm, for it is not pleasant to walk about the streets of London so early in the morning in a cold season.

II.—The market has not yet begun. It is too early for the buyers to do their shopping, but it takes a rather long time to prepare everything for the market, and costermongers must buy their vegetables early so as to be able to begin to sell them when the housewives want them. They will soon be there, buy what they want and begin to wheel their handcarts about the town.

III.—The flowers were so beautiful that he would have been unable to choose if he had had to buy some.

He wondered why the fruit had been gathered at dead of night .

IV.—During the day, the village is quite deserted, all the peasants are in the fields, for "they must make hay while the sun shines", as the saying is. The children are at school, the cattle which have been taken to the meadows early in the morning are grazing there. The dogs, chained to their kennels, near the doors of the empty farms are peacefully sleeping. The few shops are empty, and so is the public house. At sunset, things are different. The children, back from school at four o'clock, have done their home work and play in the streets. The men and women are coming back from the fields, most of them on foot, but a few on horseback or in carts. Some housewives are going to the grocer's or the butcher's to do their shopping. A few men have repaired to the village inn to play cards or smoke their pipes over their beer. The sky is aflame with the red rays of the setting sun. Very soon the village will be very quiet again, for country people are early risers and go to bed very early. "Sleep and oblivion will reign over all."

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**ATHÈNES**

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**SÉRIE MODERNE***Version***FOX-HUNTING**

Hazel suddenly remembered that she had left Foxy loose in the parlour. She ran home. Foxy was not there. She whistled, but no smooth, white-breasted creature came trotting round the corner. Hazel ran back to the hill. The sound of the horn came up intermittently. She whistled again. Then, with the inconsequence of a dream, Foxy trotted out of the wood and came to her. Trouble was in her eyes. She was disturbed. She looked to Hagel to remove the unpleasantness.

And as Hazel, dry-throated, whispered "Foxy"! and caught her up, the hounds came over the ridge like water. Riding after them, came the hunt.... The uproar was so terrific that Edward and the six men came out to see what the matter was.

Hazel saw nothing, heard nothing. She was running with every nerve at full stretch, her whole soul in her feet. Foxy, in gathering panic, struggled and impeded her. She was only half-way to the quarry, and the house was twice as far.

"I cannot!" she gasped on a long terrible breath. She felt as if her heart was bursting.

Mary WEBB.

*Questions*

I.—Translate : *Tout le monde sait que les Anglais aiment beaucoup les animaux, qu'ils appellent « nos amis muets » et pourtant l'Angleterre est le pays des grandes chasses à courre.*

II.—Do you approve fox-hunting? Give your reasons.

III.—Explain : She was running with her whole soul in her feet.

*Traduction*

## CHASSE AU RENARD

Hazel se rappela tout à coup qu'elle avait laissé Foxy en liberté dans le salon. Elle courut à la maison. Foxy n'y était pas. Elle siffla mais aucune créature au poil soyeux et à la poitrine blanche n'apparut au tournant en trottant. Hazel retourna en courant vers la colline. Le son du cor se faisait entendre par instants. Elle siffla de nouveau. Alors, avec l'illogisme d'un rêve, Foxy sortit du bois en trottant et vint vers elle. Ses yeux montraient qu'elle était désespérée. Elle était mal à l'aise. Elle leva les yeux vers Hazel pour qu'elle dissipe son inquiétude.

Et comme Hazel, la gorge sèche, murmurait : « Foxy! » et la soulevait de terre, les chiens passèrent par-dessus la crête, comme une nappe d'eau. Les chevaux des chasseurs les suivaient et arrivaient.... Le vacarme était si terrible qu'Édouard et les six hommes sortirent pour voir ce qui se passait.

Hazel ne vit rien, n'entendit rien. Elle courait, tous les nerfs tendus, ne pensant qu'à courir de toutes ses forces. Foxy que la panique envahissait, se débattait et la gênait. Elle n'était qu'à mi-chemin de la curée, et la maison était deux fois plus loin.

« Je ne peux pas! » haleta-t-elle, dans un long souffle terrible. Il lui semblait que son cœur éclatait.

*Réponses*

I.—Everybody knows that the English are very fond of animals, which they call "our dumb friends" and however. England is the country of great hunts.

II.—I do not approve of hunting which I consider as a cruel sport. I should hate to pursue through the woods stags and deer which are innocent harmless creatures. I think that the quarry, when the poor exhausted animal has been brought to bay is one of the most hateful sights which can be conceived.

But foxes are very noxious animals. If they were not

destroyed, all the fowls would soon be devoured in the farmers' poultry yards, and nobody could object to their being poisoned or caught in traps. Therefore, I do not see why they should not be chased and killed. Besides, fox hunting provides excellent sport.

III.—I am afraid it would be quite impossible to translate literally "She was running with her whole soul in her feet". It means that she ran as fast as she could, that she could not think of anything but running at full speed.

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## ESPAGNE ET PORTUGAL

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### SÉRIE CLASSIQUE B (1<sup>re</sup> langue)

#### *Version*

#### A NATURE TRAGEDY

The deep green pool of the Salinas River was still in the late afternoon. Already the sun had left the valley to go climbing up the slopes of the mountains, and the hilltops were rosy in the sun. But by the pool among the mottled<sup>2</sup> sycamores, a pleasant shade had fallen.

A water snake glided smoothly up the pool, twisting its periscope head from side to side; and it swam the length of the pool and came to the legs of a motionless heron that stood in the shallows. A silent head and beak lanced down and plucked it out by the head, and the beak swallowed the little snake while its tail waved frantically.

A far rush of wind sounded and a gust drove through the tops of the trees like a wave. The sycamore leaves turned up their silver sides, the brown, dry leaves on the ground scudded a few feet. And row on row of tiny wind waves flowed up the pool's green surface.

STEINBECK, *Of Mice and Men*, 1937.

2. Mottled : marked with spots of various colours.

### Questions

I.—Give the opposites of the following adjectives : *deep, still, pleasant, smooth, motionless, silent, dry, tiny*.

II.—Find two examples of verbs used with two different postpositions. Write two complete sentences of your own including those two postpositions; use three other postpositions in three other sentences.

III.—Give another four nouns besides *leaves* with irregular plural in *ves* and include them in four short sentences.

IV.—You must have witnessed or read about some nature tragedy like this one, illustrating the instinctive cruelty of animal life. Tell it in your own words.

### Traduction

#### UNE TRAGÉDIE DE LA NATURE

Le vert et profond trou d'eau de la rivière Salinas était sans une ride dans les dernières heures de l'après-midi. Le soleil avait déjà disparu de la vallée pour aller gravir les pentes des montagnes, et le sommet des collines avait rosé au soleil. Mais à côté du trou d'eau, parmi les sycomores aux feuilles tachetées, une ombre agréable était tombée. Un serpent d'eau glissa, doucement, silencieusement, remontant la rivière, et remuant de droite à gauche sa tête semblable à un périscope; il parcourut, en nageant, toute sa longueur, et arriva jusqu'aux pattes d'un héron immobile, qui se tenait debout dans les hauts fonds. Une tête et un bec silencieux s'abaissèrent avec la rapidité d'une flèche, et le bec avala le petit serpent tandis que sa queue s'agitait frénétiquement.

Une risée éloignée se fit entendre et un coup de vent traversa le sommet des arbres, comme une vague. Les feuilles de sycomore retournèrent leurs faces argentées, les feuilles sèches et brunes furent chassées de quelques pieds sur le sol. Et rangée sur rangée de toutes petites vagues formées par le vent remontèrent sur l'étendue verte du trou d'eau.



*Réponses*

I.—Deep, shallow; still, choppy; pleasant, unpleasant; smooth, rough; motionless, moving; silent, noisy; dry, wet; tiny, enormous.

II.—To run up, to run down.

To creep up, To creep down.

The old man was tottering up.

The merry boys slid down.

When I arrived in the room, they all stood up.

The cart rattles along.

The blind man was groping up.

III.—*Thief, thieves*: The policeman ran and soon overtook the thieves.

*Loaf, loaves*: He went to the baker's and bought three loaves.

*Life, lives*: These poor people had toiled all their lives to be able to give their children a good education.

*Wife, wives*: The sailors were happy to see their children and wives after their long voyage.

IV.—“Tragedies” similar to the one related by Steinbeck are of very frequent occurrence. In all countries, in all climates, animals are constantly prowling about in search of some prey. Kites and hawks, soaring high up in the air are always on the alert, ready to swoop down on small birds which they devour mercilessly. These little birds, so harmless looking, which we see hopping about the garden are looking for worms and insects which will be their food. Those insects, creeping about the meadows are looking for smaller ones to eat them. Lions and tigers devour antelopes, and big fish swallow small fish. This may be very sad, but it cannot be helped.

I have witnessed many such tragedies. A few days ago, as I was reading in my room, I saw our cat Fluffy come in, very proud, with a poor little bird in her mouth. Suddenly, she let it go; the poor bird was badly wounded and tried to creep away. But then, the cat pounced upon it and dealt a blow at it with her paw. The bird was not yet dead, and the cat was cruel enough not to kill it at once,

but it seemed as if she enjoyed to see the poor little bird suffer. This lasted for quite a long time. At last, the bird died and Fluffy devoured it. Well, at home, we all love our cat, but I must say that I do not love her quite so much now, because of the cruelty she was guilty of on that day.

"Man is a wolf to man", to be sure, but I am afraid that, after all, animals are not much better than men.

## SÉRIE MODERNE

### *Version*

#### MOTORING ACROSS THE DESERT

We bumped on across the desert. Every now and then we passed a camel, a string of camels. Their owners walked or rode on asses beside them. The womenfolk were perched among the baggage on the hump—a testimony, most eloquent in this Mohammedan country, to the great discomfort of camel riding. Once we met a small Citroën lorry, crammed to overflowing with white-robed Arabs. In the Sahara, the automobile has begun to challenge the supremacy of the camel. Little ten-horse-power Citroëns dart about the desert. For the rougher mountainous country special six-wheeled cars are needed, and with caterpillar wheels one may even affront the soft and shifting sand of the dunes. Motor buses now ply across the desert.

A line, we were told, was shortly to be inaugurated between Nefta and Touggourt, across two hundred kilometres of sand. In a few years, no doubt, we shall all have visited Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo : should one be glad or sorry? I find it difficult to decide.

Aldous HUXLEY, *The Olive tree*.

### *Questions*

I.—Explain : We bumped on; the womenfolk; shifting sand; to ply.

II.—*White-robed* : what kind of a word is this? Build three other such words and use them in sentences of your own.

III.—Do you agree with the writer as to his conclusion? State your own views on the question.

IV.—Did you ever go on a long journey? Relate such a journey in about 15 lines.

### *Traduction*

#### LA TRAVERSÉE DU DÉSERT EN AUTO

Nous continuâmes à avancer avec force cahots à travers le désert. De temps en temps, nous dépassions un chameau, des chameaux, marchant l'un derrière l'autre. Les hommes à qui ils appartenaient avançaient à pied ou à dos d'âne, à côté d'eux. Les femmes étaient perchées parmi les bagages, sur la bosse, ce qui prouvait de la façon la plus éloquente dans ce pays mahométan, combien il est peu confortable de voyager à dos de chameau. Une fois, nous rencontrâmes un petit camion Citroën absolument bondé d'Arabes en robes blanches. Dans le Sahara, l'automobile a commencé à porter un défi à la suprématie du chameau. De petites dix chevaux Citroën foncent çà et là dans le désert. Pour la partie montagneuse plus rude, des voitures spéciales à six roues sont nécessaires, et avec des roues chenilles, on peut même affronter le sable mou et mouvant des dunes. Des autobus assurent maintenant le service à travers le désert. Une ligne, nous a-t-on dit, devait être sous peu inaugurée entre Nefta et Touggourt, à travers deux cents kilomètres de sables. Dans quelques années, certainement, nous aurons tous visité le lac Tchad et Tombouctou : faut-il s'en réjouir ou le regretter? Il m'est difficile de prendre parti.

### *Réponses*

I.—To bump means: to come in collision, to strike against something. (The boy bumped his head against the wall.) The postposition "on" shows that the action is continued. So, "We bumped on", means "We continued to bump". The travellers were motoring across the desert, full of holes and big stones, and they continually bumped against some part of the car.

"The womenfolk" means "The women".

"Shifting sand" is loose, moving sand, such as the sand which is continually blown about the desert. It is very tiring to walk through shifting sand for your feet sink into it. For the same reason, it makes motoring very difficult.

There are also shifting sands, sometimes called quicksands, in some parts of sandy coasts. These quicksands are very dangerous. They are found at places where the sand is so mixed up with water that you cannot walk over it without sinking and they are the cause of many fatal accidents.

When speaking of a carriage or a ship "to ply" means to run regularly between two places. The "El Mansour" plies between Oran and Port-Vendres.

II.—*White robed* is a compound adjective.

*Old fashioned*: She was dressed in old fashioned clothes.

*Green shuttered*: It was a pretty, green shuttered cottage.

*Dark complexioned*: all the natives he met were dark complexioned fellows.

III.—I do not know when Huxley wrote the text I have just translated, but I do not think that it was more than twenty or thirty years ago. At that time, a journey across the Sahara desert had become, not only possible, but a thing of daily occurrence. Since 1947 touring across the Sahara has been perfectly well organized. In 1954, you can travel from Algiers to El Golea and as far as Tamanrasset and back to Algiers via Touggourt and Biskra, a wonderful tour of twenty days for one hundred and twenty thousand francs. There are many other routes which can be chosen by intended travellers. All the same, I do not think that in a few years we shall all have visited Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo, because such journeys will always remain rather expensive, and very many will never be able to afford to spend a large sum of money on such a journey, but a good many wealthy people will no doubt avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the great travelling agencies.

Now, should we be glad or sorry for it? Well, I do not see why we should be sorry. The Sahara may be less picturesque now, on account of the cars you meet there, but, anyhow, you can go there, a thing which was impossible before.

I think that it is wonderful to be able to visit the Hoggar, a region almost unknown a few years ago. My opinion is that we should be glad of it.

IV.—I live with my parents in a small town, on the eastern coast of Spain, Alicante, where my father is a wine merchant. Last year, he decided to take us all to Paris, where almost all our relations reside. As one of my brothers has set up in business as a grocer at Oran, in Algeria, we were to go there first, spend a few days in North Africa, then sail to Marseilles and proceed from there to Paris. How happy we all were, for it was our first really long journey! We left the Spanish port under a pelting rain, and had no alternative but to go below and sleep in our cabin. It is not a long journey from Alicante to Oran, and we were still below when a rattling of chains on the deck warned us that we were about to arrive. We all went up on deck and a beautiful sight awaited us. The sun was shining bright and Santa Cruz, towering above the harbour, was really beautiful. My brother was waiting for us. We spent three days at Oran and enjoyed our visit to this fine town very much. Then we got on a bigger boat, the "Ville d'Alger" which plies regularly between Oran and Marseilles. The sea was very smooth and we spent a long time on deck. We did not stop long at Marseilles and took a train to Paris. It is a long journey, and we were soon tired of looking at the landscape. We were very happy when we saw the first houses of the suburbs of the big town.

## ÉTHIOPIE

SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A, B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET C

*Version*

A PRACTICAL MAN

"I am a man of the people", said Anquetil. "My father owned a fishing-smack<sup>1</sup> in a little village in Devonshire.

1. A fishing-boat.



I wanted to go to sea, but they sent me to school instead, and I was sensible enough not to run away. I am, you see, eminently sensible and practical. I worked hard; I had brains; I got a scholarship<sup>1</sup>; I finally went to Oxford. All the time I continued to think about going to sea, but I was patient enough to wait and shrewd enough not to underrate the value of education. When I had done with Oxford I fell in<sup>2</sup> with a man who was taking an expedition to Siberia; he asked me to go with him. We were to look for mammoths. We found fossilized mammoths in the banks of frozen rivers, and by the remains of food still adhering to their teeth we were able to throw some interesting light upon their diet<sup>3</sup>. We were away for a year and a half; and as our researches had met with some success, I have never since lacked<sup>4</sup> employment. You know quite enough about my various undertakings for me to spare you any account of them now. I only wanted to emphasize the difference between our lives."

V. SACKVILLE-WEST, *The Edwardians*.

### Questions

I.—Translate : *Vous en savez assez maintenant pour que je vous épargne tout autre commentaire. Cependant j'aurais dû commencer par vous dire que s'il m'avait fallu faire autre chose que ce que je voulais, je me serais enfui.*

II.—What do you know about Oxford? Do people who have been at Oxford often choose the sort of employment chosen by Anquetil? What do they usually become? Why is it not common for sons of fishing-smack owners to go to Oxford?

III.—Would you have been interested in the sort of employment Anquetil had chosen? or in any other of the same kind? Why? What job would you like to have? Account for your preference.

1. So that his parents had nothing to pay.
2. It was a chance meeting.
3. What they used to have to eat.
4. That is : he has always had some.

*Traduction*

## UN HOMME PRATIQUE

« Je suis un homme du peuple », dit Anquetil. « Mon père était possesseur d'un bateau de pêche dans un petit village du Devonshire. Je voulais m'embarquer, mais au lieu de cela, on m'envoya à l'école, et je fus assez raisonnable pour ne pas m'enfuir. Je suis, voyez-vous, éminemment sensé et pratique. Je travaillai dur; j'étais intelligent; j'obtins une bourse; finalement j'allai à Oxford. Pendant tout ce temps, je ne cessai de penser à m'embarquer, mais je fus assez patient et assez sagace pour ne pas mésestimer la valeur de l'instruction. Quand j'en eus fini avec Oxford, je rencontrai par hasard un homme, qui emmenait une expédition en Sibérie; il me demanda d'aller avec lui. Nous devions aller à la recherche de mammouths. Nous trouvâmes des mammouths fossilisés sur les bords de rivières gelées, et par les restes d'aliments adhérant encore à leurs dents, nous fûmes à même de donner quelques éclaircissements sur ce qui composait leur nourriture. Nous fûmes partis pendant un an et demi; et comme nos recherches avaient été assez heureuses, je n'ai jamais depuis manqué de travail. Vous en savez assez sur mes diverses entreprises pour que je vous épargne de vous en parler si peu que ce soit maintenant. Je voulais seulement souligner ce en quoi diffèrent nos deux existences.

*Réponses*

I.—You know enough about it now for me to spare you any other commentary. However, I ought to have begun by telling you that if I had been obliged to do something different from what I wished to do, I would have run away.

II.—Oxford is not a very large town, but all the same, it is one of the most famous in the British isles. It lies at about forty miles from London, as the crow flies, on the left bank of the Isis (this is the name given to the Thames in its upper course), at its confluence with the Cherwell. It is a very fine, curious town, with beautiful monuments and churches such as St Mary's and St Peter's.

It is known all over the world on account of its university. It was founded in the thirteenth century. The students live there in "colleges", which are not schools but residences in which they can read undisturbed. A "college" is the home of the student. He is helped in his studies by a "tutor" of his own choice. He daily attends the lectures given by the "professors" in other buildings. The degrees obtained by the "undergraduates" are those of B. A (bachelor of arts) and M. A (master of arts). "Fellows" are graduates who receive a salary and take part in the management of the university. The most famous colleges are St Mary Magdalen, Merton, Balliol, Christ Church, All Souls' and New college. Oxford university contains the Bodleian Library, one of the richest in the world (over five hundred thousand books, a collection of coins and a picture gallery).

The students enjoy a great deal of liberty, and spend much of their time in the practice of games and sports. The young men who study at Oxford generally become clergymen, lawyers or doctors. Only well to do people and members of the upper classes can afford to send their children there, for the fees are very high. To be sure, it is very uncommon for sons of fishing smack owners to go to Oxford.

III.—The sort of employment Anquetil had chosen is certainly very interesting, as scientific research always is, and I can easily imagine the pride and joy of a man of science when he at last finds out what he has been looking for during many and many a day of hard work. The lives of explorers must be very thrilling, at times, but I am sorry and rather ashamed to say that I am too fond of my comfort to wish to spend my life in very cold or in very hot countries.

When I have left school, I intend to go to one of our universities to study medicine. I believe that there is no more interesting study than that of the human body, and no more noble occupation for a man than to fight diseases.

SÉRIES CLASSIQUE B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET MODERNE

## Version

## MR. STEVENS GOES ON HOLIDAY

When Mr. Stevens went to Eastbourne (once a year for a fortnight), he liked to arrive at the station in good time. There were so many things that might happen : something forgotten that must be got back for, an unexpected queue at the booking office, a hitch at labelling your luggage, besides, there was a remote possibility of a lady fainting or falling down : it would mean stopping and helping her up, brushing down her dress, picking up her umbrella and bag and so on.... It was not that Mr. Stevens lacked humanity, but it was the dread of being late. Yet nothing of the kind occurred and with a thrill of his whole being and blood tingling in his ears, he passed on to the platform. The train, half a mile distant, seemed to stand quite still, except that sparks sputtered from its wheels; but very soon came the rattle of it; Mr. Stevens could make out the driver at his window; the brakes screeched : it slowed down and stopped.

After R. C. SHERIFF.

## Questions

I.—Build up two sentences with *may* and *might*, and two others with *can* and *could*.

II.—Translate : *J'attends le train depuis un quart d'heure. Nous attendions le train depuis une demi-heure quand il entra en gare. A côté de nous, il y avait des gens qui attendaient depuis une heure de l'après-midi.*

III.—Why was Mr. Stevens so very anxious to arrive in time at the station?

IV.—Why did the train, half a mile distant, seem to “stand quite still”?

V.—Imagine one day of Mr. Stevens' life during his holidays on the sea-side.

*Traduction*

## MR STEVENS PART EN VACANCES

Lorsque Mr Stevens allait à Eastbourne (une fois par an, pour une quinzaine de jours), il aimait arriver à la gare en avance. Il y avait tant de choses qui pourraient se produire : quelque chose d'oublié qu'il faudrait retourner chercher, une queue inattendue au guichet des billets, un contretemps lorsqu'on collerait l'étiquette à ses bagages, en outre (éventualité peu probable), une dame pourrait s'évanouir ou tomber par terre : il faudrait alors s'arrêter et l'aider à se relever, enlever à la brosse la poussière de sa robe, ramasser son parapluie, et son sac, etc... Ce n'est pas que Mr Stevens manquât d'humanité, mais c'était la crainte qu'il avait d'être en retard. Cependant aucun incident de ce genre n'arriva et, avec tout son être frémissant, et le sang tintant à ses oreilles il passa sur le quai. Le train, à un demi-mille de là, semblait être absolument immobile, sauf que des étincelles jallissaient en crépitant de ses roues; mais très vite on en perçut le fracas; Mr Stevens pouvait distinguer le mécanicien à sa fenêtre; les freins grincèrent : il ralentit et s'arrêta.

D'après R. C. Sheriff.

*Réponses*

I.—Boys *may* not talk in class.

You *might* have arrived in good time, if you had taken a bus. A nightingale *can* sing beautifully.

He spoke so fast that *I could* hardly understand what he was saying.

II.—I have been waiting for the train for one hour.

We had been waiting for the train for half an hour when it steamed into the station.

Near us, there were some people who had been waiting since one o'clock in the afternoon.

III.—The author tells us the different reasons which made Mr Stevens so anxious to arrive in time at the station. Besides, he knew that if there were many travellers who were



going to travel in the same train as he, he would not find any vacant seat if he was late.

IV.—If you look at a distant train and if you stand right in front of it, it does not seem to move, even if it travels very fast. This is one of the many optical illusions the human eye is liable to. Very soon, however, you see it getting bigger and bigger, but it cannot be said that you actually see it move.

V.—When at Eastbourne, Mr Stevens gets up early. His holiday is not a long one, and he means to make the most of it. So, as early as seven o'clock, you can see him step out of the cheap boarding house he has been patronizing for the last six years. He walks along the sea front, and, if the weather is fine and the tide in, he goes to one of the numerous bathing machines for a dip. After splashing about for a few minutes, he dresses up and walks briskly back to his boarding house and has a substantial breakfast. Then, he buys a morning paper, and goes to Devonshire Park, where he lights a cigarette, sits down, and reads his paper. When he has done with it, he gets up and goes for a walk in the town, or along the sea front, before going back to the boarding house. There, he writes a few picture postcards for his London friends. Then, lunch time comes, Mr Stevens is very hungry, after this morning spent in the bracing air, and he enjoys his meal very much. In the afternoon, he generally takes a trip to some place of interest, in the vicinity of Eastbourne. He goes to Pevensey, or Beachy Head, where he sees the famous lighthouse. Sometimes, he goes as far as Seaford. Then he goes back to Eastbourne, has his dinner, and goes to bed early, rather tired but very pleased with the day.

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## ISTANBUL

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### SÉRIES CLASSIQUE B (1<sup>re</sup> langue) ET MODERNE

#### *Version*

#### LEAVING COLLEGE

The morning came which was to launch me into the world; that morning from which, and from its consequences, my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient collegiate church, dressed in earliest light, and beginning to crimson with the deep lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose, but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight : and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong as that of noonday at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day chiefly because man is not yet abroad, and thus the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep only so long as the presence of man, and his unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For nearly a year and a half this room had been my "pensive citadel" : here I had read and studied through all the hours of night; and, though true it was that, for the latter part of this time, I had lost my gaiety and peace of mind during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian, yet, on the other hand, as a boy passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection.

DE QUINCEY.

### Questions

I.—Turn into the present the two sentences from : *I was firm to medicine.*

II.—Turn into the future the sentence : *I dressed myself... and lingered a little in the room.*

III.—Give the contrary of : *cloudless, uncertain, secure, to linger, to fail, dejection.*

IV.—Give the three main forms of all the irregular verbs in the text.

### Traduction

#### JE QUITTE LA FACULTÉ

Alors vint le matin qui devait me lancer dans le monde; ce matin duquel et des conséquences duquel toute ma vie, par la suite, a tiré sa couleur à beaucoup de points de vue importants. A trois heures et demie, je me levai, et regardai longuement avec une profonde émotion l'ancienne église collégiale, revêtue des toutes premières lueurs, et commençant à s'empourprer du vif éclat d'une matinée de Juillet sans nuages. J'étais ferme et inébranlable dans ce que j'avais décidé, mais cependant agité par l'anticipation d'un danger et d'un malheur incertains. Avec cette agitation la paix profonde du matin offrait un émouvant contraste, et, jusqu'à un certain point, un remède. Le silence était plus profond que celui de minuit : et, pour moi, le silence d'une matinée d'été est plus prenant que tout autre silence, parce que, la lumière étant crue et intense comme celle de midi en d'autres saisons de l'année, elle semble différer du jour véritable, surtout parce que l'homme n'est pas encore sorti de sa demeure, et qu'aussi la paix de la nature et des innocentes créatures de Dieu semble être sûre et profonde seulement tant que la présence de l'homme et de son esprit agité ne sont pas là pour déranger son inviolabilité. Je m'habillai, pris mon chapeau et mes gants, et m'attardai un peu dans la chambre. Pendant près d'un an et demi cette chambre avait été « la citadelle de ma pensée »; c'est là que j'avais lu et étudié pendant toutes les heures de la nuit; et bien qu'il

fût vrai qu'au cours de la dernière partie de cette période, j'avais perdu ma gaieté et la paix de mon âme, pendant la lutte et l'excitation causée par mes démêlés avec mon tuteur, cependant, d'un autre côté, jeune homme que j'étais, aimant passionnément les livres, et voué à des occupations intellectuelles, je ne pouvais pas ne pas avoir joui de nombreuses heures heureuses au milieu d'un abattement général.

### *Réponses*

I.—I am firm and immovable in my purpose, but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles. To this agitation, the deep peace of the morning presents an affecting contrast and, in some degree, a medicine.

II.—I shall dress myself, take my hat and gloves, and linger a little in the room.

III.—Cloudless, cloudy; Uncertain, certain; Secure, insecure; To linger, to hurry out of; To fail, to succeed; Dejection, elation;

IV.—	To come, I come, I came, Come.
	To be, I am, I was, Been.
	To have, I have, I had, Had.
	To take, I take, I took, Taken.
	To rise, I rise, I rose, Risen.
	To begin, I begin, I began, Begun.
	To read, I read, I read, Read.
	To lose, I lose, I lost, Lost.
	I can, I could.

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### **LIBAN**

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A, B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET C

### *Version*

Fifteen years ago I'd just qualified as a doctor with what they called a brilliant result. I was walking the hospitals until such time as I could train as a surgeon. I was specially

interested in tropical diseases and one day I hoped to have a clinic of my own somewhere where I was needed, in West Africa, like Schweitzer, or in the West Indies. Anywhere where I could bring the blessings of medicine to a neglected people. I was full of it. I saw myself as a saint, a saviour almost, working selflessly for suffering humanity. And Molly believed in me, believed in everything I hoped for and was willing to spend the rest of her life working with me for the same ideals. She was a nurse at the hospital. We were engaged to be married in a year's time, when we had saved a bit and I had got a little further along the road.

Henry TREECE.

### Questions

I.—Translate : *Cet homme travaille depuis vingt ans. Il vient de passer son dernier examen. Il veut être docteur. Il se mariera quand il aura plus d'argent.*

II.—Do you know anything about Schweitzer, whose name is mentioned in the text?

III.—What sort of work would you like to do as a man or as a woman? What profession would you choose?

### Traduction

Il y a quinze ans, je venais d'être reçu à mes examens de médecine dans des conditions que l'on qualifie de brillantes. J'assistais aux leçons cliniques jusqu'au moment où je pourrais faire l'apprentissage de chirurgien. J'étais surtout intéressé par les maladies tropicales et j'espérais avoir un jour une clinique à moi, quelque part où on aurait besoin de moi, en Afrique Occidentale, comme Schweitzer, ou dans les Indes Occidentales. N'importe en quel endroit où je pourrais apporter les bienfaits de la médecine à un peuple déshérité. Cela m'enthousiasmait. Je me voyais un saint, presque un sauveur, travaillant avec désintéressement pour l'humanité souffrante. Et Molly croyait en moi, croyait en tout ce que j'espérais et elle était prête à passer le reste de sa vie à travailler avec moi, pour les mêmes idéals. Elle était infirmière à l'hôpital. Nous nous fiançâmes au bout



d'un an, avec l'intention de nous marier quand nous aurions mis un peu d'argent de côté et que je serais parvenu un peu plus loin sur la route.

### *Réponses*

I.—This man has been working for twenty years. He has just got through his last exam. He wants to be a doctor. He will marry when he has more money.

II.—Albert Schweitzer who has been unknown to the French public for many years, is one of the most remarkable men of the present time. He could be termed "a European Gandhi" but a Gandhi who, at the same time would be a musician, a philosopher, a technician and a doctor. He was born at Kaysersberg (Haut-Rhin) in 1875. When his father went to live as a protestant minister, at Grünback, a small village in Alsace, he had a rather weak constitution and he was not expected to live long. But he grew stronger, and, at the age of eighteen, he went to the university of Strasbourg to study theology and philosophy. There, he also practised the organ with the great artist Widor. He published several books, one about Kant, another one on Bach, and became appointed as a minister. Then, he began to study medicine. For seven years he worked very hard, preaching, playing the organ in concerts, and writing other books (one about the making of organs is considered as the best one on the matter). In 1913, he sailed with his wife to Lambarene (Gabon) where he had decided to settle to attend the natives. He had no money whatever, and had to build himself a house and a hospital. In nine months, he attended over two thousand patients. At the same time, he wrote a very important book: "Philosophie de la Civilisation". For his books, for the wonderful work he has done in Africa (his hospital contains three hundred and fifty beds, three doctors, and nine nurses) he has been honoured by the whole world and, last year, he was awarded the Nobel prize for peace.

One day, as a friend of his expressed his anxiety at seeing him live such an exhausting life and said to him "You should not burn the candle at both ends" he replied "Why

not, if the candle is long enough?". A very great man indeed.

III.—I am passionnately fond of the sea, I cannot imagine a more interesting and exciting life than that of a naval officer and I should like very much to become one. How fine it must be to sail to far off countries on board a big man of war, to sail round the world in the "Jeanne d'Arc", as the students of the naval training college do before leaving the school! I am sorry to say that my parents do not approve of my project. They hate the idea of seeing their boy going away from them and remaining on the sea for months and months. My father who is a doctor with a very good practice, would like to see me enter the medical profession but it does not appeal to me at all. Of course, I know that before fulfilling my wish I shall have to get through difficult exams, well, I will study very courageously and, one day, my parents will be proud to see me wearing the smart uniform of a French naval officer.

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## SYRIE

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### SÉRIES CLASSIQUE B (1<sup>re</sup> langue) ET MODERNE

#### *Version*

#### ENGLISH SNOBBERY

After a holiday from periodical literature, I am always staggered, when I get back to a well-stocked reading-room, by the inordinate snobbery of the English press. In no other country do so many newspapers devote so large a proportion of their space to a chronicle of the activities of the merely rich or the merely ennobled. Nowhere else in Europe is gossip-writing a highly paid and creditable profession; nowhere else would such a headline as "Peer's Cousin in Car Smash" be even imaginable.

... Why should the English public proclaim itself so much more keenly interested in the doings of the rich and the titled

than the public in other countries? Attachment to tradition may be invoked as one of the causes. The habit, established in long past days when a title really meant something, of regarding a lord with a kind of awed curiosity, still persists in a vestigial state, like the spiritual equivalent of the vermiform appendix. Elsewhere revolution has roughly excised<sup>1</sup> this survival from the days of feudalism. But the last English revolution, that of 1688, was itself made by the aristocracy; instead of being cut out, the appendix rooted itself more firmly in the national consciousness. Another point : the English standard of living is high. There is an immense sub-middle class with enough money to preserve it from rancorous envy of the rich, but not enough to preserve it from boredom; it needs compensations and manages to find them in the gossip-columns.

Aldous HUXLEY, *The Olive tree*.

### Questions

I.—Translate into English : *L'aveugle me dit combien elle trouvait les sourds malheureux; ils sont bien plus à plaindre que moi. Jamais n'entendre aucune voix aimée, aucune musique, aucun chant d'oiseau, rien peut-il être plus affreux?*

II.—Explain : a) Why it is surprising and humorous to compare "the habit of regarding a lord with awed curiosity" to "the vermiform appendix"?

b) What are : a well-stocked reading-room; a creditable profession; a vestigial state.

III.—Give one or two instances illustrating the attachment to tradition of the English public.

IV.—What do you know about the 1688 revolution? What were its causes? What were its consequences for the Stuarts?

### Traduction

#### LE SNOBISME ANGLAIS

Après un certain temps passé loin de la littérature des périodiques, je suis toujours stupéfait par le snobisme effréné

1. *Excised* = cut out.

de la presse anglaise lorsque je retourne à une salle de lecture bien approvisionnée. Il n'y a aucun autre pays où autant de journaux consacrent une aussi grande proportion de leurs colonnes à une chronique des faits et gestes de ceux qui sont tout simplement riches ou tout simplement ennoblis. Il n'existe aucun autre lieu en Europe où écrire des racontars constitue une profession bien rétribuée et honorable : en aucun autre pays une manchette comme celle-ci : « Cousin de Pair victime d'un accident d'auto » ne pourrait même se concevoir.

Pourquoi faut-il que le public anglais se proclame tellement plus vivement intéressé par les actions des riches et des titrés que le public d'autres pays? La fidélité à la tradition peut peut-être être invoquée comme une des causes. L'habitude établie en des jours depuis longtemps révolus, quand un titre avait réellement quelque valeur, l'habitude de considérer un lord avec une sorte de curiosité respectueuse persiste encore à l'état de vestige, comme l'équivalent spirituel de l'appendice vermiculaire. Ailleurs, la révolution a brutalement fait disparaître cette survivance des jours de la féodalité. Mais la dernière révolution anglaise, celle de 1688, a été elle-même faite par l'aristocratie; au lieu d'avoir subi l'ablation, l'appendice s'est plus solidement enraciné dans la conscience nationale. Autre chose : le niveau de vie des Anglais est élevé. Il y a une immense classe mi-moyenne avec assez d'argent pour qu'elle soit à l'abri de l'envie rancuneuse éprouvée pour les riches, mais pas assez pour la préserver de l'ennui; il lui faut des compensations et elle s'arrange pour les trouver dans les colonnes de ragots.

### *Réponses*

I.—The blind woman told me how unhappy she thought the deaf to be; they are much more to be pitied than I. Never to hear any beloved voice, any music, any birds' songs, can anything be more dreadful?

II.—a) The comparison certainly is quite unexpected and very humorous. The vermiform appendix is a small organ which is to be found in the human body in an embryo-

nary state. Anatomists and physiologists do not know whether it is of any use.

The awed curiosity of the English public for titled people dates from very long ago. One might expect, nowadays, when social conditions are so very different from those of the middle ages, the English to consider noblemen as ordinary ones. Well, for an Englishman a Peer is a Peer. He cannot help considering a titled lord or lady with "awed curiosity". This feeling subsists in him (in an embryonary state, to use Huxley's picturesque expression). We may think it very strange, but it does subsist just as the vermiform appendix subsists in the human body.

b) A well stocked library is a room containing a very great number of books of all sorts.

A creditable profession is one which brings honour and consideration to the person who pursues it.

A vestigial state is that of a thing which subsists as a vestige. The vermiform appendix is in that state, for it is an atrophied organ.

III.—A whole book could be written about the attachment to tradition of the English public. A foreigner cannot help being surprised by the red and gold uniforms of the Beef Eaters which dates back from the Tudor times, or by the yellow stockings and long blue coat of certain pupils of one of the best English public schools or, again by the wigs which lawyers wear on the hottest days. Time honoured traditions are so numerous in England that I have only too much to choose from.

One of the most curious ones is that of the "Beating of the Bounds". In the time of king Alfred when there were very few reliable maps, the "beating of the bounds" took place on Ascension day, to fix the limits of the villages. The parish priest used to lead all around the village a procession of all the boys of fifteen years of age, bearing small leafy branches with which they beat the stones which were placed to show the boundaries of the village. A strange custom, indeed! Well, it is still observed in the very heart of London.

IV.—The one object of James the second's short reign



was to reestablish the Catholic religion in England. To achieve this end he had recourse to unconstitutional and very cruel proceedings. The barbarous doings of Judge Jeffreys who sent over three hundred people to the scaffold and ordered Elizabeth Gaunt to be burnt alive are well remembered atrocities of this time. Those which followed the Monmouth rebellion form one of the blackest and most lamentable pages of English history. He tried to get rid of the Test act which prevented the Catholics from holding public employment. He asked the Pope to send an ambassador to England and favoured the establishment of convents. He soon found determined resistance even in the Universities. In 1687 the king issued a Declaration of Indulgence which was not received with any enthusiasm. He then ordered a second one to be read in every church. Seven bishops refused to do so. They were arrested and tried. Their acquittal was received with demonstration of joy all over the country. This imprisonment of the bishops had come as a climax to James the second's unconstitutional government. A letter was sent to William of Orange, the husband of one of the king's daughters who was the protestant champion of Europe. The prince landed at Torbay on the fifth of November 1688. He marched towards London and James fled to France. The Stuarts were then kept away from the throne of England.

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## INDOCHINE DU NORD

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SÉRIES CLASSIQUES A, B (2<sup>e</sup> langue) ET C

*Version*

SNOW

It was January. Snow was falling; snow had fallen all day. The sky spread like a gray goose's wing from which feathers were falling all over England. The sky was nothing but a

flurry of falling flakes. Lanes were levelled; hollows filled; the snow clogged the streams, obscured windows, and lay wedged against doors. There was a faint murmur in the air, a slight crepitation, as if the air itself were turning to snow; otherwise all was silent, save where a sheep coughed; snow flopped from a branch, or slipped in an avalanche down some roof in London. Now and again a shaft of light spread slowly against the sky as a car drove through the muffled roads. But as the night wore on, snow covered the marks of the traffic, and coated monuments, palaces and statues with a thick vestment of snow.

Virginia WOOLF, *The Years*.

### Questions

I.—Is there any grammatical remark to make as to the verb in "...as if the air were turning to snow..."? Form a sentence of your own, using the same grammatical form.

II.—Translate : *La neige était tombée toute la journée. Sur les routes, les roues des voitures laissaient derrière elles de profondes ornières. A Londres, les monuments et les statues avaient, avec leurs manteaux blancs, un air irréel dans ce silence total.*

III.—Say what you know of the English climate.

IV.—What pleasures does snow bring to young people?

### Traduction

#### LA NEIGE

C'était le mois de Janvier. La neige tombait, la neige avait tombé toute la journée. Le ciel s'étendait, semblable à l'aile d'une oie grise, de laquelle des plumes tombaient sur toute l'Angleterre. Le ciel n'était qu'une bourrasque de flocons qui tombaient. Les sentiers étaient nivelés, les creux étaient comblés, la neige engorgeait les ruisseaux, obscurcissait les fenêtres et était amoncelée contre les portes. Il y avait un faible murmure dans l'air, une légère crépitation, comme si l'air lui-même se muait en neige; autrement tout était silencieux, excepté là où un mouton toussait; la neige tombait d'une branche avec un bruit sourd ou glis-

sait en avalanche, de quelque toit à Londres. De temps en temps un rayon lumineux s'étalait lentement sur le ciel tandis qu'une automobile passait dans les routes ouatées. Mais à mesure que la nuit s'écoulait lentement, la neige recouvrait les traces laissées par les voitures, et revêtait les monuments, les palais et les statues d'un épais manteau de neige.

### Réponses

I.—In the sentence "As if the air were turning to snow" *Were* is a subjunctive. This form is seldom used in modern English. It has a marked tendency to disappear from the English language. This is due to the fact that there is very little difference between the tenses of the subjunctive and those of the indicative, except as regards the verbe *to be*. "Though I come" is a subjunctive, "I come" is an indicative. There is no difference whatever between the two forms, but "I was" cannot be mistaken for "I were", nor "I am" for "I be". This is the reason why the subjunctive of *to be* is often used by good authors.

Ex : He nodded his head as if he were sleeping. In nine cases out of ten, the man in the street would say: As if he was sleeping.

II.—The snow had been falling during the whole day. On the roads, the wheels of the carriages left deep ruts behind them. In London, the white mantled monuments and statues looked unreal in this total silence.

III.—The British Isles enjoy approximately the same climate as our French Brittany. It is very damp, it rains very often, and fogs are frequent. Sometimes, in London, the fog is so thick that day is turned into night, and all traffic has to cease. This kind of fog is called "pea soup fog". The south east of England enjoys a milder climate and is sometimes called "The English Riviera". On the whole, the climate of England is not very bright and a blue sky is a rather rare thing. Another feature of this climate is that it is extremely changeable, several types of temperature being often observed in the course of the same day.

IV.—Children are always glad when they wake up in the morning, and see the streets covered with a thick spotless carpet of snow. They dress up quickly and run out of the house to enjoy shuffling through it. Very soon a crowd of merry children collect in the street and they all fight with snow balls. After, they roll a big snow ball about till it gets big enough to be made into a snow man which they will pelt with snow. In cold mountainous countries, children can drive in sledges or slide down the slopes of hills in luges.

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